FILE

THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

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France Takes Stock	*Alexander Werth*
Aryan Science	*E. J. Gumbel*
Child Actor (A Story)	*Yuzo Yamamoto*

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

'THE Art of Politics' is a chapter from a new book by Ignazo Silone, the author of *Fontamara* and *Bread and Wine*, entitled: *School for Dictators*. It is a political satire on Fascism. It will shortly be published by Harper and Brothers. [p. 197]

IN THE first article of our German group, Giselher Wirsing, the editor of the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* and of the *Tat*, gives United States foreign policy and its exponents a thorough going-over. He feels that President Roosevelt is another, only more powerful, Wilson with a far better chance of dominating European politics, and that he is using the tense international situation to further his own domestic ambitions. [p. 204] The second article in the group, 'Uncle Sam Arms Russia,' is quite obviously officially inspired. The *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, from where it is taken, is a mouthpiece of heavy industry and frequently expresses the official views of the German Foreign Office. [p. 208]

OLAND D. RUSSELL, the author of 'Guns Roll East,' is on the staff of the New York *World Telegram*, prior to which he was Japanese correspondent for the New York *World* and one of the editors of the *Japan Advertiser*. Mr. Russell recently returned to the United States *via* Siberia, after having spent a six months' leave of absence in Tokyo, where he gathered material for a forthcoming book dealing with the history of the fabulous Mitsui family. [p. 211]

THE GROUP entitled 'Peace with Honor' gives the posthumous reactions of the French and British on the Czechoslovakia crisis. Altogether they regard the past events with a mixed feeling of shame and relief. Alexander Werth, the French correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, shows in his article a France just beginning to wake up from the first hysterical hours of joy and realizing that she has probably just passed through another Sedan [p. 220]; A. L. Easterman, known to our readers from previous articles, writes a sorrowful and reverent encomium to President Beneš [p. 223]; Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, writer and aviator, questions the mysterious reasons that push men into wars that they hate and fear. [p. 225]

THIS month's story, 'The Child Actor,' gives us a glimpse behind the scenes of the Japanese theater, and we find that in spite of its quaint old traditions it is essentially very much like ours, even down to the good old adage that 'the play must go on.' [p. 229]

THE author of 'Time and the Dictators' disproves the common misconception that the political system of totalitarian States must necessarily result in economic collapse; on the contrary, he believes that the democracies are steadily losing ground unless there is concerted action to insure their superiority. [p. 243]

THE Jewish problem is becoming more complex every day and, as a result, the plight of the refugees is taking on proportions which are getting beyond control. With the growing economic influence of Germany in Central Europe, the influence of her racial ideas, too, is growing, although in those smaller countries, as well as in Germany, it is apparent that the reasons for anti-Semitism are fundamentally economic rather than racial.

Georges Oudard, the author of 'The Jew in Central Europe,' known in France for his thorough study on conditions in Poland, concludes his articles with the

(*Continued on page 290*)

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THE LIVING AGE

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The World Over

THERE ARE LESSONS, and pointed ones, to be learned from the present status of the few remaining European democracies. In view of the current elections in these United States, it might be pertinent for Americans to pause and analyze, before adopting the political credoes of any one party.

That the sacrifice of Czechoslovakia marked a sharp turning point in the progress of democratic civilization is apparent to the most casual observer. The Czechs placed their faith in the democracies of Europe; and the Czechs lost. But just how democratic are France and Great Britain? And just how much of a myth—as its members claim—are the Cliveden set of England and the 'Two Hundred Families' of France? Even the conservative press of both countries—with but few and marked exceptions—from the beginning of the Czech crisis were open defenders of Prague. Later, under pressure, that championship moderated, but that it still exists is evident in sporadic and bitter public outbursts. Moreover, the great mass of decent, war-hating people of France and England were united in a desire to protect Czechoslovakia. Reservists answered the call to arms willingly. And Hitler, for all his saber-rattling and shouting, held his hand temporarily.

Strangely, even at the height of the war hysteria, there was none of the bitter denunciation of the Germans as a people that went on in 1914. The man in the street, both in England and France, seemed to realize

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that the German people and the Nazi political philosophy were not necessarily one and the same; and it was the Nazi creed against which the European democracies, for that brief moment while the will of the people had its way, arose in arms.

What, then, happened at Munich? What, at the same time, happened to the principles and ideals of a people raised to believe in the power and prestige of democracy? The Munich agreement was not, as is now clearly recognized, a capitulation to the power and force of Hitler's threats, or even a necessary gesture to avert war. Rather, it marked an off-the-record success of special class privilege, an alliance between moneyed and privileged groups willing to sacrifice national honor in order to protect hallowed class interests.

Fear and distrust of Russia—also sworn to protect Czechoslovakia—unquestionably contributed heavily to this reactionary attitude. But Communism, as a world menace, has been overplayed. Russia today has more than enough problems at home to keep her busy; her excursions in foreign parts have proved both long drawn out and expensive. Gradually she has withdrawn from the Spanish Civil War; while in the Far East her twenty-year crusade in China has proved far from successful. Nevertheless, the bug-bear of Communism still serves as an excuse—an excuse for the gradual suppression of democratic forms of government, under the guise of suppressing Bolshevism.

Whether, in the long run, the Nazi-Fascist system will work is another matter. True, under that system certain problems that now disturb democracies are temporarily shelved. Concentration camps are an answer to labor troubles as well as opposition parties. But government by force and suppression has been tried before, and found too costly. Liberty, in the democratic countries, may have been misused or taken for granted, but nevertheless it is a symbol of man's slow struggle towards idealism.

At the moment, the fate of democracy in the United States is not openly at issue, as it is in Europe where two opposing forms of dictatorship are at battle—the dictatorship of the proletariat, as in Russia, and the dictatorship of private industrialists, under Nazi and Fascist doctrines. Certain economic evils and virtues of both systems are clearly brought out in the article 'Time and the Dictators,' printed elsewhere in this issue. Whether the evils will, in time, outweigh the virtues is a problem for the future. One thing is certain, however, and that is that neither system represents the will of the people. And the ultimate effect on the individual, in his relationship to the State, is certainly to be considered. How can national patriotism exist, when a man can no longer be certain as to the State or the form of government to which he swears allegiance?

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THE COST OF GREAT BRITAIN'S sacrifice of democratic standards will not be a small one, either in prestige or more tangible properties. In Palestine, in Canada and in South Africa, the Nazi handwriting on the wall is gaining increased attention. Just how far the clique of which Mr. Chamberlain is spokesman is prepared to go in the adoption of Nazi-Fascist ideology is a question that now disturbs a steadily increasing faction of the British press. An editorial, published during the first week of October in the London *Daily Herald*, is indicative:—

> The U.S.S.R. was excluded from the Munich Conference. She was not consulted about the terms to be imposed upon Czechoslovakia, although she was expected to be ready to assist in opposing aggression if the Conference to which she was not invited broke down.
>
> It would appear, indeed, that Mr. Chamberlain is deliberately setting himself out to drive Russia into an isolation which will enormously reduce the forces of collective security against aggression in Europe.
>
> Moreover, at the end of the Munich talks Mr. Chamberlain issued with Herr Hitler a joint declaration on Anglo-German relations which, admirable though may be its specific intentions, arouses a number of acute questions of policy. Be it noted especially that France is not included in that declaration, although Anglo-French relations and our assurances on the safeguarding of French integrity are clearly of the greatest relevance in any Anglo-German accord.
>
> What has Mr. Chamberlain in mind? Is it an Anglo-German alliance with France excluded? Or is it a Four-Power Pact with Russia isolated? In either of such policies there lies not peace, but an immediate encouragement of Fascist ambitions and the very gravest danger of future war on the most disadvantageous terms to us.

IN FRANCE, TOO, THERE IS A FEELING that more than a loss of prestige resulted from the Munich pact. This feeling has been concisely voiced by Henri de Kerillis, editor of the *Époque*, and the one Rightist Deputy who voted against Daladier. Kerillis's views, pessimistic as they are, are not to be disregarded, for even his Left opponents consider him a man of keen political intuition and clearsightedness.

In an editorial in his paper, he submits a program to be followed by France 'in her hour of great danger.' 'If we are not to be in a few months, or even a few weeks, completely at the mercy of the German Army, left free on its Eastern front and entirely concentrated on us,' Kerillis suggests the three-year-law that saved France in 1914. The defensive works on the northeastern frontier should be accelerated and the Maginot Line strengthened. The air fleet must be increased and the war industries now concentrated in the Paris regions, such as Renault, Hispano, Gnome et Rhône, should be decentralized by the end of 1938.

In foreign policy, Kerillis advises alliances with the West, since, with Rumania, Russia, Poland and Yugoslavia moving out of the French orbit as a result of the Munich Pact, they have nothing more to expect

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from the East. He suggests sending an ambassador immediately to Rome, another one to Burgos and liquidating the Mediterranean problem in haste. 'We have just had our Sedan,' he ends gloomily. 'Now it is up to us to make our Marne.'

THAT FRANCE MAY WELL HAVE CAUSE to wonder what her own future will be is marked by certain ominous indications. At his Sport Palast address, Hitler generously assured France that Alsace-Lorraine had nothing to fear from him; and, according to information from eyewitnesses, the natives of Alsace-Lorraine were pathetically grateful for this statement. However, one wonders about the value of such promises. The Nazi virus has been spreading quietly, but unmistakably, through Alsace-Lorraine. There is a definite taint of anti-Semitism. During the Czechoslovakian crisis, the *Elz*, the organ of Alsace-Lorraine autonomists, wrote: 'If war comes, I hope that all the Jews will be put in the first line, so that they will not enrich themselves behind our backs.' There is also a widespread belief that the French Government is made up of Jews.

There have been many evidences of organized hooliganism, so-called '*terreur motorisée*,' in which many sons of better families have joined. Correspondence across the border seems to show that the well-known Nazi blacklists of 'undesirables' are already being made up. There is, besides, a strong movement for autonomy among the Alsace-Lorraine Catholics, carried on largely by Deputy M. Rossi, a friend of Laval, who did not hide his pro-Nazi sympathies before Hitler's action against the Catholics in the Reich. Altogether, there are quite a few loopholes for National Socialist propaganda, and the French Government is paving a way for it by not doing anything about it.

THE FUTURE OF NEW GUINEA is causing considerable concern in Australia with a report that a German claim for a return of the colonies is imminent. Australia has been given a mandate over New Guinea by the League of Nations. And until the people of New Guinea cease to be backward and protect themselves, declares Minister of Foreign Affairs W. M. Hughes, Australia has a sacred duty as guardian, and would be guilty of gross dereliction of duty if she surrendered New Guinea to another nation.

East Africa objects, too, to any German claim on the former colonies —Togoland, the Cameroons, Southwest Africa and Tanganyika (German East Africa).

When news reached Nairobi that the very day following the Munich agreement, peddlers appeared on the streets of Bayreuth selling post-

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cards of Africa with a swastika flag at the top and the motto: 'Here also is our room to live in,' the *East African Standard* hotly replied:—

> It is clear that Herr Hitler proposed (at the Munich conference) an early discussion of Germany's Colonial claims and that Mr. Chamberlain agreed. Will East African public opinion be consulted at all, or will these territories be presented with a *fait accompli* as in the case of Czechoslovakia?
>
> In East Africa as a whole there is a growing number of those who, without any feeling of disloyalty to Great Britain, place their loyalty to East Africa well in the forefront. They envisage the time when East Africa will form a great new Dominion, which will be a self-contained nation just as the other Dominions, and they are therefore greatly concerned that nothing shall be done now which would inevitably prevent that idea from becoming a reality. . . .

There are but 78,000 Germans in all of Africa, incidentally.

THE LITTLE BALTIC STATES are more than anxious these days, too, watchfully following the fate of Czechoslovakia. Two days after the Nazi army began marching into the Sudetenland, Berlin proposed to the Lithuanian Government that the two States enter a non-aggression pact. Berlin's conditions were that Lithuania end all coöperation with the Soviet Union and drastically revise her trade treaty with Great Britain. According to the proposal, Germany would buy all agricultural products which Lithuania ships to England, including butter, eggs and bacon, while Lithuania would buy German machinery and other industrial products which she now purchases from Britain. This would make the tiny Baltic State entirely dependent upon Germany.

The proposal places Lithuania in a serious dilemma, for a rejection of the plan might easily result in an assault on the former German city of Memel, where a German minority already enjoys autonomous rights. Nazi penetrative methods have caused great anxiety in the past and, although Memel is quiet at present, the problem may only be in suspense. Directly to the north of Lithuania is Latvia, which also has a German minority, descendants of the merchants and nobles who have been in the country for centuries. They appear to regard Germany as their Fatherland, and their organizations are run on familiar lines, with scarcely any attention paid to their hyphenated citizenship.

Then there is Estonia, which has an exceptionally homogeneous population and no minority problems to plague her. On the other hand, Estonia controls the southern gate of the Gulf of Finland, at the eastern end of which is the Soviet port of Leningrad. Latvia has close natural sympathies with Finland, to which she is allied by language and, to some extent, by race. From the Latvian capital to Helsinki, the Finnish metropolis, is only 40 minutes by air. The Estonians, however, would not count on the Finns to fight their battles for them, as was the case in 1924 when Latvia suffered a Communist uprising.

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All three of these little Republics on the Baltic littoral were devastated during and after the World War, when their pitifully equipped armies had to fight both Germany and Russia. Since that time, the three peasant nations have raised themselves to a surprising level of material and cultural advancement. Now they find themselves eyed hungrily by Germany and Poland to the South, while on the East there is the constant menace of Russian Communism. Linked by a tripartite treaty of friendship and coöperation, they are determined to fight to the end if their independence is threatened. They would sooner suffer extinction than return to their dark histories of oppression.

Their policy, meantime, is to preserve the most correct neutrality, with the hope that they might not become involved in any European conflict.

REPERCUSSIONS FROM MUNICH were felt in Tokyo, on the Far Eastern end of the Rome-Berlin axis. The Japanese war machine, slowly but surely marching up the Yangtze Valley to crush the temporary capital at Hankow, slowed down a bit. The reason was not due to victories claimed by the Chinese in local engagements, but because Tokyo was listening in, as it were, on Munich. Then, with the news of the peaceful surrender of Czechoslovakia, Japan took a deep breath and plunged in anew in China, this time to the South. Japan apparently was satisfied that, after France and England deserted the Czechs, they would not be likely to defend their Far Eastern interests, which would prove a more hazardous and costly undertaking.

Japan's drive in Southern China was swift, decisive; four days after Japanese troops landed in the region of Bias Bay, haunt of notorious pirate bands, Hong Kong and the Portuguese colony at Macao were isolated. Two days later Canton was captured with a minimum of effort that gave rise to the suspicion of sharp demoralization within the Chinese commanding forces.

Britain immediately warned Japan not to jeopardize her interests. Tokyo sent a reassuring note to calm Britain's fears. But if the British lion gets his paw caught in the Chinese trap, Japan is convinced she will not fight to protect her interests there, which are estimated at only $26,000,000 out of a total $1,265,000,000 investment in the whole of China.

DESPITE BERLIN'S TREATY of friendship with Poland and the negotiations now under way for the peaceful return of the Free City of Danzig to the Reich, Poland's fear of Germany has greatly increased in the past few days.

General Sosnkowski, Inspector General of the Polish Army, laid down the principles of an enlarged Poland twenty-four hours after

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Polish troops marched into Teschen, former iron and steel center of Czechoslovakia, saying:—

> Poland must be careful. With her Army strengthened to fit her big position in the new Europe, Poland will now need all her moral and material forces. Now more than ever sheer brute force will dominate, and only the strongest have a chance to survive.

After stating that there is no room at present for humanitarian sentiments, he declared Poland must arm, and arm quickly, 'irrespective of cost and difficulties.' His program was fully endorsed by the press, which urged more army expenditures so that Poland may play 'her greatly enhanced rôle as a big Power in Europe, relying on her own strength.' All talk of relying on the strength of others, including those with whom there are strong alliances, is regarded as meaningless now in Poland. This is stated with the utmost precision in the press, which no longer hides its bitter contempt of France and England, and the 'Western Illusionists,' as the statesmen of those two countries are now called by the papers, which, at the same time, express admiration and fear of Germany. It is this fear—the fear of having been left alone with a brutal conquering force as a next door neighbor—that more than anything else seems to have made the Poles realize their danger at a time when they could be expected to be jubilant over their own Czech 'conquest.'

PALESTINE IS RAPIDLY BECOMING a second Spain. In the past few weeks the Arabs have gone completely out of control. Active individual terrorism has been prevalent for the past two years, but since the annexation of Austria, and more especially since the victory over Czechoslovakia, the Arabs feel that they no longer need to let themselves be run by the British. As a result, Arab terrorism has now reached an unprecedented high.

According to the Jerusalem correspondent of the London *Daily Herald*:—

> The pay for murder ranges from £3 to £6 monthly. Previous experience of guerrilla warfare commands higher pay—£10 and even £15. Special bonuses for each murder committed hold out further prospects: £5 for a casual Jew, and as much as £500 for the head of any one of the three of the ex-Mufti's particular Arab political enemies, Ragheb Bey Nashashibi, Suleiman Effendi Toukan, and Sheik Hussam Jarallah. A prominent British official or a highly-placed Jew is worth £200. . . .
>
> No less than £10,000 is required monthly to maintain the terror. The first £80,000 consisted of funds collected by the ex-Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin el Husseini, who has organized, inspired and directed the Arab terror from its first day even after his flight to Syria. This sum, which was collected throughout the Moslem World, was to effect repairs, that weren't needed, of the great Mosque of Omar. Further large sums came from the revenues of the Wakf (Moslem En-

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dowment Trust Fund) of which Haj Amin, as President of the Moslem Council, was almost sole controller. But that was insufficient. So he obtained about £5000 a month from Italian sources. Early this year the Italian purse began to draw in. So now the Nazis have come to his assistance.

From Iraq, and to a lesser extent, Syria, Egypt, India and America, periodic sums are brought in by propagandists. But steadiest source of all has been robbery and extortion at the point of the gun.

The seriousness of the situation is illustrated by the resolutions taken at the Conference at Nablus where the insurgent Arab chiefs swore their loyalty to Haj Amin. *Paris Soir*, the radical Paris daily, gives some interesting facts about this conference:—

It was decided to carry on an unabating armed struggle until the Arab national aspirations have been realized. The plans included a five-year plan of recruitment, maintenance and organization of the rebel Army. Every six months young Arabs fit for service will be called to arms. The first conscripted will be the classes of 1915, 1916, 1917 and 1918. To facilitate the financing of this project the whole population will be drafted.

The Arabs, apparently, have learned their lesson well. Germans are not only much stronger morally, in Europe at least, but they are also, in the eyes of the Arabs, the masters of a future colonial empire.

The partitioning plan has now been definitely abandoned since it did not satisfy anyone. Instead, there is the danger that Great Britain may give way to Arab pressure and stop Jewish emigration for the time being, although such intentions have hitherto been denied. The possibility that another capitulation by Great Britain is contemplated, however, is strengthened by the fact that for several weeks Taufik Suwaidi Beg, Iraq's Foreign Minister, and a skilled parliamentarian, has been conferring with British diplomatic circles about a scheme for the settlement of the problem. This plan, which suggests an independent Palestine on a cantonal basis, seems also to have the blessing of King Ibn Saud and the Syrian Arab leaders. Taufik Beg, who believes that his proposal will meet with the support of moderates on all sides, has also been in touch with the Zionists.

Quite apart from the fact that the British are honor-bound to their pledges given in the Balfour Declaration, it seems a grotesque contradiction that at a moment when hundreds of thousands of Jews who have been deprived of their homes and their homeland, at least with the tacit approval of the British, should now be deprived as well of the most important outlet for emigration still available to them. It remains to be seen whether the flood of protests which have been pouring into the British and American Foreign Offices will be able to influence decisively the contemplated plan.

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A would-be dictator is here initiated into the secrets of his profession.

The Art *of* Politics

By IGNAZIO SILONE

Translated from the Italian by
GWENDA DAVID *and* ERIC MOSBACHER

[*The following conversation takes place between the author and two Americans who have just completed a political tour of Europe: Mr. W., the future dictator of the United States, and Professor Pickup, his secret adviser and inventor of a system called Neo-Sociology* ('*Man is man, society is society and the State is the State*'). THE EDITORS]

'MY DEAR inventor of Neo-Sociology,' Mr. W. said to his compatriot, 'the time has come for you to speak up. And here is the mustard. But I warn you that if you either talk too much or eat too much, you will have to go away and sit by yourself, with nothing to eat and no one to talk to.'

The Professor solemnly cleared his throat.

'All those who have hitherto devoted themselves to the study of human society,' he began, 'have tried to discover some unique or fundamental law to explain the rise and fall of the various forms of government. Plato, Aristotle, Polybius, Machiavelli, Vico, Kant, Gobineau, Marx, Pareto, Spengler, to mention only the most famous, have each in turn produced a theory of historical development. It has been explained by the natural decay of peoples and institutions, by the rise and fall of *élites*, by the virtues and vices of individual leaders, by the political and economic class struggle, by the innate qualities of peoples and their missions. It is no more possible for political thinkers than it is for scientists to refrain from classifying data in order to discover the rhythm underlying them and reveal the laws inherent in them. Now Neo-Sociology. . . .'

'That's enough,' said Mr. W. 'Now pass the mustard to our Italian friend and let him say something.'

'When one talks of political laws,' I said, 'one should not have any excessive confidence in their scientific character. Allow me to remind you, my dear professor, of that excellent maxim of the *Leviathan—autoritas non veritas facit legem*. Every political theory in turn has been elaborated to

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explain, justify, or defend a definite organization of society and has only been abandoned and modified after the social organization in question has changed. There is no such thing as a logical thread running through all the theories of the men you have just mentioned, giving evidence of consistent advance in political speculation. Nobody would dare to suggest that Spengler, for example, represented an advance on Plato and Aristotle twenty-four centuries earlier.'

'It is easy to score cheap points by making absurd comparisons,' the Professor replied. 'I do not understand in what sense you can talk of political science if you regard it merely as an apologia for things done. You, as an Italian, will certainly have read Machiavelli, and that makes your point of view all the stranger; because Machiavelli, as you will remember, though he set out to discover the laws underlying past events, did so in order to lay down rules for future guidance, thus showing that political science is capable of anticipating and molding the future.'

'Machiavelli's place in political history does not depend on the practical rules that he laid down,' I replied, 'but on his having done for politics what Giotto before him did for art and what Leonardo, his contemporary, did for science. That is to say, he threw off the shackles of medieval, ecclesiastical restrictions. Machiavelli struck another blow at the theocratic unity of medieval thought; he vindicated the human against the ecclesiastical, freed political thought from the trammels of priestly supervision, withdrew it from the realm of metaphysics, humanized it. . . .'

'Humanized it, indeed! You are playing with words,' the Professor interrupted. 'Machiavelli will remain in history as the theorist of political immorality, as the advocate of the doctrine that the end justifies the means.'

'That, my dear Professor, is a simplification which we shall leave to the foolish and the lazy-minded. To Machiavelli politics were not immoral, but pre-moral or amoral. For him politics were a purely human, practical concern. He humanized political thought in the sense that he brought it down to earth from the theological clouds in which it had been soaring for centuries. He demonstrated its purely terrestrial foundations. He showed that politics were a purely human, historical product, the result of the energy, the virtues, the weaknesses, the vices of men. In short, he made a great contribution toward convincing men that it is this world in which they are at home. He broadened the conception of human liberty—that is, of human responsibility—that is, of human morality.'

'You have been piling sophistry on sophistry, and it would be easy for me to refute you,' the Professor replied. 'For the time being it will suffice to go back to our starting-point. You have ended by granting to Machiavelli the man what you are unwilling to grant to political science as a science.'

'If I had not placed Machiavelli against the background of his time, it is true that I should have been inconsistent,' I replied. 'The point I wish to make is that the society in which Machiavelli lived was in practice already emancipated from theological control. Politics were already "Machiavellian," and he perceived it. That was the brilliance of his

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achievement. He expressed his discovery with the greatest possible clarity and made men conscious and aware of a situation already in existence. But he did not go beyond his time. For example, in his consideration of the conflict between the exceptional man's apparently unbounded freedom of will and the blind future that limited him, he reproduced the conflict between naturalism and individualism which dominated the thought of the Renaissance. That is no longer a question which keeps anybody awake at night.'

'To be perfectly candid, I have always had reservations about Machiavelli,' Professor Pickup admitted. 'His contribution to political science seems to me to have been much exaggerated. The mark he made in history was the consequence of his excessive materialism and pessimism.'

'Even the least materialistic theories have been intimately bound up with existing situations,' I replied. 'What, for example, has been the fate of the concept of sovereignty, from the time when Jean Bodin formulated it in the seventeenth century until today? It has merely been progressively adapted to the different forms of sovereignty that have succeeded one another in the course of three centuries. *Autoritas non veritas facit legem.* Each time authority has changed, political theory has changed with it.'

'No one is so deaf as he who will not hear!' exclaimed the Professor. 'Please answer these questions. How do changes of political authority occur? Is history concerned with human phenomena or blind, geological events?'

'Human phenomena.'

'Are these human phenomena the result of a conscious process or of blind instinct?'

'The process is conscious, but often falsely conscious and in any case insufficiently conscious,' I replied. 'Men who take part in a revolution or a war, or whatever it may be, naturally try to explain what it is all about. But to posterity their explanation invariably appears, if not entirely false, at any rate one-sided and therefore insufficient. If you examine what the leaders of the Reformation, of the French Revolution, of the Holy Alliance thought of their own movements, you will see that they were by no means aware of their full motivation or of the full implications of their own actions. Consciousness does not keep step with historical development; sometimes it precedes it; more often it follows it.'

'Are you not confusing history and politics?' the Professor asked me. 'Certainly no one can anticipate the historical judgment that will be passed on the events of the present day. How will Bolshevism and Fascism be judged in three hundred years' time? It is safe to say that the judgment that history will pass on Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini will be very different from what they imagine.'

'Humanity has always had too much pity on its crucifiers,' I replied. '"Forgive them," humanity has said, "for they know not what they do."'

II

At this point Mr. W., who had been silent for a long time, intervened in the debate.

'Both of you are entirely beside the point,' he said. 'You think you are talking politics, but you are doing nothing of the sort. Politics are con-

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cerned with the acquisition of power and nothing else. All other considerations are either fatal or irrelevant.'

'Knowledge is power,' the Professor announced. 'If it is not humanly possible for the politician to know everything, he must at least try to find out as much as he can. Knowledge is the key to success.'

'The key to success or the key to ruin,' I added. 'You are doubtless aware of the fate of Œdipus, who wanted to know too much. He was a king. In his place a good politician would have been content to have gone on levying taxes on his subjects and giving daughters to his Jocasta. But wanting to know too much was his ruin.

'Some thinkers, applying the recent discoveries of psychology to the modern dictators, have envisaged them as new Œdipuses. Fortunately for them they do not know it. The Providence of the ancients always had a weakness for tyrants. Should one not regard this as a merciful precaution on its part? If knowledge did not follow but preceded human events, whence would men derive the will to act? Is not a certain ignorance of the laws that govern human society at the very basis of all politics? Millions of men, both leaders and led, have given their lives believing they were establishing the reign of the Goddess of Reason or fighting the war to end war, or even the last struggle against social inequalities. Was not a certain ignorance an essential postulate for all that?'

'I must say I like your praise of ignorance,' said Mr. W. 'A man I know was deceived by his wife for thirty years. But he would never allow anyone to mention the subject, which he found extremely distasteful. "Knowledge is suffering," he said.'

'I do not deny the importance of mystery for the social order,' Professor Pickup admitted. 'Nor do I deny that the science of politics, like all other sciences, is groping in the dark, and that its laws are still rudimentary. But a politician has no other compass. He must know those laws and follow them. To aspire to power without having carefully studied political science—or at least without taking the advice of someone who has studied it—is like trying to become an artist without having studied painting.'

'We have come back to where we started from,' I remarked. 'But I do not think the digression has been idle. As for what you have just said, my dear Professor, it seems to me that you are confusing the science of politics with the art of politics, or at least that you are assuming too great a connection between the art of politics—that is, the practical actions of the living politician—and the science of politics—that is, the observations and conclusions of historians on the political events of the past. It seems to me that the example you quoted proves the very opposite of your case. It is the task of the science of esthetics to analyze works of art and to speculate about the nature of art, but the conclusions arrived at by estheticians as a result of the examination of existing masterpieces are not sufficient to create new masterpieces, which are only really such if they are original creations, not copies and limitations of works already in existence. There is always something unprecedented about every profound political change. Even if it uses existent materials and offers formal analogies with events of the past, it is always the new answer to

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the new needs of a new situation. Every major historical event offers new material to political science and leads to the formulation of new political theories, or throws a fresh light on previous theories, just as new masterpieces enrich the science of esthetics. In short, real life always precedes and nourishes speculation.'

'I appeal to you to stop talking in this abstract fashion,' said Mr. W. 'When I claim that the American Revolution was a masterpiece because, unlike the French Revolution, it was not heralded by a lot of philosophers, economists and other windbags, I am trying to say the same thing as you. The American Revolution was simply the American Revolution. No attempt was made to revive the Roman Republic and ape its costumes.'

I pointed out that in Switzerland, too, liberty had always been a vital necessity rather than a philosophical abstraction, and that the Swiss had always spoken of concrete liberties, in the plural, rather than of vague and abstract liberty, in the singular. In Switzerland political ideologies had always been introduced from the outside.

III

'In 1776,' Professor Pickup announced, 'Benjamin Franklin went to France on a diplomatic mission. Do you suppose he learned nothing in France? You ought to be the Benjamin Franklin of the present day, Mr. W. Do you suppose you have nothing to learn?'

'I, the Benjamin Franklin of the present day?'

Mr. W. burst into loud and prolonged peals of laughter that echoed round the hotel garden and the neighboring wood like the joyous whinnying of a horse.

Professor Pickup, however, had the patient tenacity of a prophet in the desert.

'Very well then,' he went on, 'let us leave aside the scientific aspect of politics, since neither of you is interested in it. Let us confine ourselves to the art of politics, the practice of politics, since that pleases you better. Have you never wondered why all over the world at the present day governments seem so ephemeral and the influence of the various political parties so temporary and uncertain that no one can be confident what the constitution of any particular country will be in ten years' time? The real and primary cause of this is that the politicians of today are ignorant of the true art of politics. Their outlook is entirely external and superficial. The profession of politics today is overloaded with amateurs. Every man who is a failure in any other profession believes himself capable of success in politics. Every day you hear people who would not dare to discuss algebra or chemistry unless they had studied those subjects laying down the law about politics, which they have never studied. In former times the initiation into the true art of politics was long and arduous, and a rigorous selection was applied to those who aspired to the practice of politics. Tacitus in his *Annals*, discussing the politics of Tiberius, speaks of *arcana imperii*, the secrets of power. Was not the stability of certain monarchies based on those secrets? Politics has its secrets or mysteries, like every other profession, mysteries into which one can only be initiated by competent persons. When men still had time to reflect, before they were

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deafened by the noise of machinery and stupefied by the cinema and the press—that is, between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries—Europe produced a whole literature on *arcana reipublicae*, the mysteries of statesmanship, reserved for those who were to collaborate with princes in the art of government. Even then, no doubt, there were aspects of politics and political institutions which were not secret, and were contemplated and admired by the common people from afar, but these were described in the *arcana* as nothing but *simulacra*—that is, polite fictions under cover of which the mysteries of the real but sacred art of politics could be celebrated. Now Neo-Sociology. . . .'

'That will do, thank you,' said Mr. W. 'The mysterious rules that may have been valid in past ages are not of the slightest interest to me, and I do not care in the least whether it is true or not that the stability of past régimes depended on their application. What interests me is whether in the times you speak of there were such things as trusts and holding companies, and whether there were millions of unemployed, and strikes, and newspapers with million circulations.'

'No,' Professor Pickup admitted, 'none of those things existed then, not even the radio. But I must point out that Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt did not exist then, either.'

'Then what's the use of those famous secrets to me in America today?' Mr. W. inquired with some heat. 'I've no taste for Masonic rites, nor for the Ku-Klux Klan. My movement is entirely modern and up-to-date in every respect and has no need of mysteries.'

'In other words it's now clear beyond all possible doubt that just because of your obstinate, short-sighted empiricism all my efforts to give your movement an inspiring and fruitful ideal are doomed to failure,' said the Professor. 'What was the cause of the defeat of Tammany Hall? Why were poor Huey Long and Bill Thompson of Chicago political failures? Because they lacked bold political ideas. When I brought you to Europe I hoped that your mind would become susceptible to bolder visions. I believed that when I took you away from the atmosphere of Jersey City and the society of Frank Hague and showed you Rome and Berlin, broader horizons would open before you. But here we are at the end of our journey and I cannot tell you how grieved and disappointed I am at the results.'

'It was I that was the fool to come with you,' said Mr. W. 'Only someone completely wrapped up in the impenetrable mysteries of history would try and persuade me that the road that leads from Jersey City to the White House runs through Rome and Berlin. I know a shorter way.'

'I warn you not to under-estimate the value of mysteries,' I said to Mr. W. 'If you ever achieve power you will appreciate all their value. But what am I saying? Long before you achieve power, as your movement grows, gains support and makes compromises, your organization will double itself. It will have a public façade, or *simulacrum*, to attract the crowds, and a dark chamber for the celebration of mysteries. The literature of which Professor Pickup has just spoken, in which the practice of politics was dealt with as a secret science, flourished in times of absolutism, when, because of the frequent conflicts

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between the lay and the ecclesiastical authorities, and also because of the decay of theology itself, it was neither useful nor expedient to base the doctrine of sovereignty on divine sanction. Those who sought a theoretical justification for the exercise of power were caught between Scylla and Charybdis. Both divine and popular sanctions being inexpedient, it was necessary to surround the state power with mystery. Gustav Freytag, a German writer of the end of last century, wrote a charming satire on the mysteries to which Professor Pickup referred, based on one of the manuals on the secrets of the art of government then in vogue, the *Ratio Status* of 1666. In Freytag's satire a young man considered eligible for the position of royal counselor is admitted to the secret apartments where the *arcana status* are jealously preserved—the mantles of state, the masks of state, the powder for the eyes, and so on. The mantles of state surrounded those who wore them with an aura of due authority and reverence. The names of these mantles were *salus populi*, or the defense of the realm; *bonum publicum*, or public welfare; or *conservatio religionis*, or the preservation of religion, according to whether they were used for imposing new taxes on the people or exiling opponents and confiscating their property under the invariably effective pretext of being propagators of heretical doctrine. One mantle, completely worn out by everyday use, was called *intentio*, the mantle of good intentions, because it served to justify everything. With the spectacles of state, entry was made into the realm of pure illusion, because they enabled one to see things that did not exist and not to see things that did exist, at the same time magnifying trifles out of all proportion and reducing the dimensions of grave events beyond all recognition. It is easy to laugh at these things now, but at heart, even in the most democratic régimes of the present day, the art of high politics is still regarded as the privileged secret of a chosen few. Were there not democrats, and even Socialists, who considered Mussolini and Hitler worthy of praise and congratulation when they came into power, just because their origins were humble and their experience of statesmanship was nil? We live in an age when biologists deny the hereditary nature of most, if not all, diseases, but these people still talk as though there was such a thing as a hereditary capacity for rulership. Nevertheless, as soon as these uncultured upstarts were in power, they proceeded to entrench themselves without timidity or hesitation, and used their power with determination and skill. But not being able to fulfill their promises, they proceeded to set up miraculous *simulacra*, or tokens, giving the masses the illusion of possessing what they did not possess. Finally, lacking any religious sanction for their power and being free from any genuine popular control, they draped the true levers of their political machine with heavy veils, disguising, concealing and sanctifying them just as the *arcana status* of absolutism were sanctified, and transporting them beyond the realm of discussion. Such are the new *arcana dictatorum*.'

At this point Mr. W. interrupted me. 'What you say is true, though you put it quite wrongly,' he said. 'It seems to me that we have been sitting here long enough. I therefore suggest that we go for a walk in the wood.'

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Two German writers discuss American foreign policy and foreign trade.

As Nazis See Us

I. Is Roosevelt a Dictator?

By Giselher Wirsing

Translated from the *Tat*, Jena National Socialist Monthly

AMERICAN foreign policy was conducted by President Hoover along clearly pro-British lines; with Roosevelt it has returned to the traditional isolationism; yet it is today most clearly exemplified in the economic policy of the Secretary of State, Cordell Hull. While Germany remains practically the only country with whom the United States has no most-favored-nation treaty, or, at least, negotiations looking toward such a treaty, the Anglo-American trade negotiations have become the nucleus for the general orientation of American foreign policy. For a long time Washington was careful not to trespass upon the border line between trade negotiations and purely political negotiations: it was steadily denied that the United States could be pinned down to political alliances with European or Asiatic powers. But the Rubicon has now been crossed. The United States has turned to an open policy of alliances. Only one thing has been avoided: to admit the fact.

During the five years of his activities as Secretary of State, Hull has concluded new most-favored-nation trade treaties with seventeen countries, among which the treaties with France, Canada and Brazil are the most important to date. The comprehensive trade agreement between Great Britain and the United States has been active for more than a year. A treaty with Australia is supposed to follow, although Anglo-Australian negotiations failed only recently in London. Cordell Hull has become quite used to appraising the countries of the world according to their willingness to deal along the lines of the American trade doctrine.

Even in the United States Cordell Hull is today regarded as an apt pupil of Woodrow Wilson. He is neither a Lansing nor a Colonel House, of whom the one drove Wilson into the War, while the other at least did not prevent the President from following this fateful course; nor, on the other hand, is Cordell Hull a Bryan, who, as Secretary of State in the first years after the outbreak of the War, con-

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ducted a desperate and honest fight for the maintenance of American neutrality. Rather, Hull is a somewhat provincial American politician, with the good manners of the South. He shows the typical traits of the so-called Bible Belt. He tends to regard all other nations as naughty boys, whose bad habits often have to be overlooked, but whose knuckles must be rapped if they carry things too far. Such an attitude, coupled with certain definite reservations as to traditional American isolationism, was bound to get Hull into the meshes of the British network which, shelved only temporarily, today dominates American public opinion as well as American policy more strongly than ever.

The expression 'The British network' has not been coined by us. It is derived from Quincy Howe, an American publicist, author of one of the most talked of books about American foreign policy, *England Expects Every American to Do His Duty*.* This book for the first time told the American people with convincing frankness how its foreign policy has grown to be more and more dependent upon a clique of American politicians, and, above all, of financiers and economic royalists, who for various reasons hold that America's destiny must be bound to that of Great Britain in good times and bad. A few months ago another book appeared, this time by a member of the Security and Exchange Commission, Jerome Frank, who belongs to the outer circle of the so-called 'brain trust' around Roosevelt. The title, significantly, was *Save America First*.**

On a trip to the East, South and Middle West of the United States this summer, we learned at first hand that those who support a consistent policy of isolation are now on the defensive, while the opinion that American intervention in a European war is inevitable is increasing month by month. This change in public opinion is merely a conscious repetition of the agitation which preceded America's entry into the World War. Most of the leading figures of the World War have now left the stage. In the United States this is less true than in certain other countries. The present President, for example, stems from the fringes of the Wilson entourage. Finance capital still rules in America, though not quite so unrestricted as before, and it is frequently represented by the same men, as clearly proved by the Nye Investigation. J. P. Morgan is the same unbroken force that he was at the outbreak of the War. Wall Street and the Stock Exchange have been deeply shaken, but No. 23 Wall Street still stands firm. Roosevelt's fight against Big Business has for the time being ended in a draw. Finance and industrial capital, far from being broken, still seek to prevent a real economic boom, which would boost Roosevelt's New Deal. Roosevelt's domestic reforms suffered a decisive blow when he failed in reorganizing the Supreme Court.

Roosevelt and his advisers are caught in between finance capital and the extreme Left. In foreign as in domestic policy they seek a middle way which will break the power of big capital while preventing the spread of Communism. The President himself has never pursued a really outspoken and consistent foreign policy. In 1920, he, like Hull, belonged to the sup-

* *Simon and Schuster.* ***Harper and Brothers.*

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porters of the League of Nations. In 1932, however, before his first term as President, he openly turned against Geneva, for he knew that Hoover's foreign policy was as unpopular as his domestic policy. The following year, however, Roosevelt suddenly showed sympathies toward Geneva; then, in his famous speech in Chautauqua, in August, 1936, he supported an almost one hundred per cent policy of neutrality. Not until October, 1937, in his notorious Chicago speech did he finally advocate a policy more League-like, say his critics, than even the League dared sponsor.

The President has pursued this course and has strengthened it more and more, particularly since Eden's downfall, which he regarded as a blow to the aggressive foreign policy of the democracies, outlined in his Chicago speech. Domestic factors had their part in keeping him on this course. With the failure of the Supreme Court and Reorganization measures, he was increasingly accused of dictatorial ambitions. Surely, it is more than chance that these charges coincided with his own agitation for the fight against Fascists. Apparently not even Roosevelt's closest advisers know his true intentions. That he is seriously considering a third term becomes increasingly clear because he has not publicly denied it, as would have been natural according to American political tradition.

II

Here lies the danger spot in Roosevelt's foreign policy. Fundamentally Roosevelt is surely an adherent of democracy. On the other hand, his autocratic aspirations have undoubtedly increased during his office—to the extent that he had to witness how his great domestic reform bills were constantly blocked by the rules of democracy. It is understandable that Roosevelt and his closest collaborators have become more convinced that for a limited time, in order to save democracy, the personal powers of the President ought to be considerably increased. Basically, this is the same trend of thought which makes pacifists the world over regard another world war as necessary in order to safeguard ultimate peace.

And what could increase the powers of the President more than a war? Here the advisers of the White House have to think along the same lines already pursued by the die-hards of high finance on the one hand and the radical Left element on the other. All three groups have unanimously recognized that war, in any case, means political dictatorship in America. The question is merely who would exert this dictatorship. Those holding the power today undoubtedly have the best chance.

If one examines the steps by which Roosevelt has relinquished isolationism, one has to come to the conclusion that those American voices like that of Quincy Howe, Jerome Frank and George H. Cless lag behind actual events. What America aspires to is no longer the willingness to coöperate on the side of the English imperialists in case of a new great war, but political, economic and, perhaps, even military leadership in such a war, from the outset.

The propagators of an Anglo-American alliance have begun to put this claim for leadership to the fore. This trend found significant expression in a speech by Nicholas Murray Butler,

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held before the American Club of Paris in June, entitled: 'The United States Must Lead.' Butler, however, though one of the most influential men of American cultural life, confuses Communism, National Socialism and Fascism with disastrous result, in order to delude the American people into believing that all these different trends present one common danger.

Another opinion which seems to us no less significant for the American claim for leadership in the democratic world is that of Arthur Krock, chief correspondent of the *New York Times* in Washington. He recently published a brief survey of a European trip, in which he stated that London City, once the financial capital of the world, seemed entirely dependent upon the economy and the capital of the United States, which it recognizes as the unquestioned leader. All of this points to the fact that not only has America long abandoned her policy of isolation, but that under the leadership of President Roosevelt it is beginning to take over the leading rôle in the front of the so-called democracies.

During the bitter discussion that centered about the person of Prime Minister Chamberlain in May and June, American interference in British domestic policy has more and more come to the fore. The picture which the American press has painted of Chamberlain during this summer was supposed to discredit the British Prime Minister as a Fascist, particularly in his own country. The more restrained Chamberlain's speeches became this summer, as a result of the difficult situation in Europe, the more aggressive Roosevelt's became. We know that in the inner circles of the British Government this development has been watched with apprehension, because in England one saw more and more clearly from week to week that Roosevelt almost deliberately wanted to thrust the Empire into an adventurous policy for which, however, he refused to assume responsibility.

The United States is more and more being used by President Roosevelt, for purely domestic reasons, to play the part of world policeman. In the May issue of *Harpers Magazine*, Herbert Herring states that England will enter the fight only if its imperial interests are threatened, but not in order to save the doubtful conception of international order. Herring declares that if this is true, Franklin Roosevelt is very much alone as a crusader, that he has already committed himself by a moral condemnation of the aggressors, and that this policy is worrying many an American greatly.

This is still the voice of America; that is what it really thinks. The question remains whether this voice is strong enough to be really heard by all, to tear the United States away from a policy which threatens not only us, but if one looks at things more closely, the English just as much. Wilson, when he saw that England and France would not bow to his claim for leadership, declared: 'We can force them to our way of thinking.' In the end Wilson was unable to do this, because he broke down. Thoughtful Englishmen can hardly assume that Roosevelt will break down. He may very well force England into the state of a second-class Power.

Finally, this policy can only succeed in plunging the United States

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herself into a terrible catastrophe; and this time it will be not only a financial involvement. However the experiment of a Roosevelt dictatorship may end, the policy which the President has pursued for the last year makes the United States not a friend but a danger to civilization. The overwhelming majority of Americans, however, will have no part of that. All the greater is the responsibility of that political circle which believes itself able to stir up trouble on other continents, because it cannot be held responsible itself. This will prove to be far more of an error than it was even in Wilson's time, for Wilson hardly knew how far he was going, while Roosevelt has pursued his policy in full knowledge of the results.

II. Uncle Sam Arms Russia

Translated from the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, Berlin National Socialist Daily

[*The following article is a model example of Nazi propaganda. Time and again it has tried to show that France and Czechoslovakia are dominated by Soviet Russia. Now, it claims, the United States, too, is a Soviet tool.*

The author's contention of 'continuously growing and unpaid Soviet trade commitments' and his assertions that the United States Government subsidizes trade with the U.S.S.R. are clearly an untruth, obviously motivated by an intent to mislead. Another distortion is the assumption that an adverse trade balance necessarily indicates an unpaid debt. Since the inception of the Roosevelt-Litvinov Agreement there has been no default in Russian payment, and the limit of credit rarely exceeds 45 days. The Editors]

ON AUGUST 6th last, the 'Trade Agreement' between the United States and the Soviet Union, the so-called Roosevelt-Litvinov Agreement, originally concluded in 1935 and about to expire this fall, was renewed for another year. It is a very peculiar agreement; for it provides that during 1939 Soviet Russia must purchase goods from the United States to the minimum amount of 40 million dollars. It does not say, however, how the Soviet Union shall pay for these goods. On the contrary, the new agreement specifically limits the imports of Russian coal into the United States to 400,000 tons a year. According to United States statistics, Russian-American trade in the years covered by the agreement amounted to:—

(From American trade statistics, given in millions of U.S. dollars*)

Year	*Imports into the U.S.S.R. from the United States*	*Imports into the United States from the U.S.S.R.*	*Export surplus of the United States*
1935–36	39.2	20.7	18.5
1936–37	40.5	23.2	17.3
1937–38 (9 months)	40.2	17.6	22.6
			58.4

* The figures in the original German article are correctly quoted from American trade statistics, but the currency is given as pounds instead of dollars. This might have been an honest mistake or just another attempt to mislead.

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Russian purchases in the United States for the current treaty year are put down at 60 million dollars. That means that at the end of the current treaty year the active trade balance of the United States with Russia will have practically doubled, in comparison with that of the previous year. Russian purchases for the next year are estimated at 70 million dollars.

Trade between the United States and Soviet Russia is thus almost entirely onesided: the United States gives and Soviet Russia receives. There is no reason to think that this situation will change in the near future, for there is no doubt about the growing disintegration of Russia's actual economic capacity at the present time. But these continuously growing and unpaid Soviet trade commitments are by no means the sole or even the largest item in the debt incurred annually. Soviet Russia holds a great many United States patents and licenses, especially for the building of military aircraft, armament and other important military equipment. Under the administration of United States engineers, gigantic factories have been erected in Soviet Russia for the exploitation of these licenses and patents. The claims by United States enterprises arising from these licenses undoubtedly run into many millions annually. Thus the old War and pre-War debts have been considerably augmented; though Russia was discovered rather belatedly as a possible debtor nation. In fact, lending continued long after it had been stopped for the countries of Latin America and Europe, as shown in the following figures:—

(From American trade statistics, given in millions of U.S. Dollars)

Year	*Imports into the U.S.S.R. from the United States*	*Imports into the United States from the U.S.S.R.*	*Export surplus of the United States*
1929	91.3	22.6	68.7
1930	136.2	24.4	111.8
1931	118.4	13.2	105.2
			285.7

These debts, resulting from privately financed trade, obviously remain unpaid; for how could they have been paid except out of the later, increased gold production? In fact, for the years from 1932 to 1935 private enterprise in the United States was fed up with Russian experiences, despite the ever-growing Soviet Russian sympathies of certain influential circles in the United States. The trade figures for 1932–35 show the United States exports to Russia to the amount of 68 million dollars as against imports from Russia to the amount of 51.5 million dollars.

The Roosevelt-Litvinov Agreement inaugurated a new wave of Soviet Russian indebtedness. As before, the United States firms supplying goods to Russia were private enterprises who wanted to be paid. Who is going to pay them?

The answer is quite obvious, even though it is somewhat camouflaged. It is clear that the United States Government is paying, at least for the time being. It does not do so directly, but it does carry the risk of the Russian purchases. The Roosevelt-Litvinov Agreement has made it possible to pay for Russian rearmament out of

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Government funds; these subsidies for Russia are hidden from the American people and from other countries, and they are outside the budgetary control of Congress.

Naturally, direct payments are avoided: subsidies appear on the books merely as credits. Even these credits are not directly underwritten by the United States Government, that is, by the United States Treasury. A number of indirect methods are available. There are, for instance, the departments for foreign trade of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, one of which has for some years dealt almost entirely with Russia.

Other forms of financing are even better suited for camouflage, and undoubtedly they are utilized, because of the large amounts involved. There is, for example, the rediscounting of Russian paper at the Federal Reserve Banks. Moreover, the United States Government has a number of 'pump-priming' funds at its disposal, which can easily be written off as losses. In practice, the Roosevelt-Litvinov Trade Agreement has amounted to a loan granted by the United States to Soviet Russia for rearmament purposes; the only difference is that it is highly flexible in application, since the lender is not the private money market of the United States, but the Government itself.

However disguised, these State subsidies have been given for political and military purposes, as is proved by the trade statistics. Russian purchases in the United States consist mainly of machinery for the production of armaments, aircraft and automobiles, that is, for the primary war industries. Machinery for canned-goods industries takes second place. Third come materials for railroads. Here, too, armament considerations are predominant.

United States exports to Russia deserve attention for still another reason. The United States is known to be especially eager to supply other countries with war materials. But in its trade with Latin American States great care is taken to supply only finished war materials, not machinery and war equipment. For the United States desires to prevent the development of native war industries in the entire Latin American sphere as much as possible, for obvious reasons. In regard to Russia, United States policy is precisely the opposite. Here it does not supply war material itself but actually the basic equipment for producing it and even the licenses and patents for such equipment.

The plants which turn out these United States products on Russian soil, particularly aircraft and airplane parts, have been built and installed by American engineers. Naturally these plants must be run along the most modern lines. It is for this purpose that the funds which are placed at the disposal of the Russian Government by the United States Government on the basis of the trade agreement are used. In addition, numerous Russian engineers are employed in American airplane factories: the United States desires that Russia, despite Stalin, should be enabled to develop its own war industries after the best available American models. For military reasons as well as for reasons of foreign policy, this American support of Russian rearmament is carried on in camouflaged form, as inconspicuously as possible, and with a total absence of publicity.

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With deep distrust Japan and Russia watch the feverish pace of rearmament along the border that divides them.

Guns Roll East

By Oland D. Russell

EVERY Monday and every Thursday at 13 o'clock the Trans-Siberian Express, flying a theoretical flag of truce, backs nervously across the 6 miles of No Man's Land between Soviet Russia and Japan to the city of Manchuli.

On the Russian side of a strange, bilateral station the train waits tremulously for its small quota of passengers. The driver of the rabbit-like engine stays at his post, never glancing out the window. The fireman keeps up a head of steam. There are only two more in the crew: a conductor, wearing a heavy dark coat over a white embroidered Russian blouse, and a flagman. They stand close to the coaches, under the watchful eyes of seven Japanese detectives. Across the wooden fence separating the two platforms is a platoon of Manchukuan uniformed railway guards, bayonets fixed.

No one makes any unnecessary movements. A white-uniformed Japanese customs guard approaches the baggage car and halts, expressionless. The Russian trainman, without a glance at the guard, unlocks a heavy padlock on the car door and stands to one side while the Japanese enters and gives the empty car a thorough search. He watches while the Russian re-locks the door. They exchange no looks. Three detectives walk up and down the train, peering under cars. The passengers have not yet been allowed on the platform. No one else is permitted outside the one door of the station on the Russian side.

Then, at a signal from the customs men, the passengers, who have gone through a rigorous examination on the Manchukuo side, are escorted out and deposited in their compartments. It is a definite transition, surrounded with cumbersome formality, unlike anything at any other border town anywhere in the world at peace time.

It is Russia and Japan glaring at each other through one of the four openings on their mutual border where they keep up the pretense of main-

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taining peaceful relations. Everywhere else along the 2,000 mile border from Manchuli to Vladivostok the rules are off. Everywhere else it is catch-as-catch-can.

Manchuli is in the extreme northwest corner of Manchukuo, at one end of the Soviet claw clamped over the top of Japan's puppet State. Vladivostok is at the other end. Now the Soviet claw is pinching at Manchuli and, more threateningly, at the Korean jugular vein of Manchukuo.

From an airport not 20 miles outside Manchuli, Japanese warplanes—there are 2,000 of them in Manchukuo—fly in regular patrol along the border. From another airfield, 50 miles inside the Soviet line, Russian planes maintain a similar vigil. Often routine patrols have grown into outright raids. Tanks, artillery and infantry blast away at each other in the undeclared war in Siberia, the most serious case being the Changkufeng Mountain incident late last August. Japan is determined that Manchukuo shall not be the battleground of another Russo-Japanese war. Japanese forces are poised in the Manchuli region to spring at Lake Baikal in Siberia. Soviet forces, in all probability would strike at Tokyo—only 750 miles from Vladivostok by air.

Manchuli is a hair-trigger town. It is perhaps the largest town in the world without a real hotel—for the simple reason that no traveler is going to be permitted to tarry there unless he can give an extraordinarily good account of himself.

Through two long stretches outside Manchuli the blinds are tightly drawn in the railway cars. A Japanese gendarmerie officer in each car gives the signal for lowering of blinds. I peeped—and saw nothing but a forest. Presumably there are gun emplacements in that forest and at other places alongside the track, but no one is going to locate them from the train. Soviet Russia uses another means of hiding its landscape at many points. Wooden hoardings 16 feet high are erected for miles along the track.

II

It is exceedingly difficult and bothersome to travel in these days from Tokyo to Moscow. From the moment you apply for a Russian visa in Tokyo you are a potential suspect of both countries. If you have remained in Japan for very long, Japan fears that even if you are honest and your intentions good, either you might drop some vital information inadvertently to the Russians or be grilled on the state of things in Japan.

The Soviets are even more suspicious. They reason that no one could remain six months in Japan without being a friend of Japan. It would follow that any friend of Japan on a trip through Russia would pick up information to be relayed back to Japan. The Japanese recently issued a public warning to all foreign residents in Tokyo not to route their personal mail through Russia because the O. G. P. U. was opening all letters and gaining valuable intelligence. The Russians retaliated by cracking down on visas from Japan. It is now difficult for Japanese diplomats to get visas to go trans-Siberia.

Between Tokyo and the Soviet border I was questioned by the police three times, had my passport taken up twice, and avoided questioning at three other places through the inter-

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cession of Japanese friends. One correspondent who went from Tokyo to Harbin just ahead of me underwent eleven different police inquisitions.

My first police examination came at Shimonoseki, the port from which I sailed from Japan for Dairen. A plainclothesman came into my hotel room while I was packing. He spoke good English. Besides the routine questions, name, age, mother's and father's names, etc., he queried me in particular about the possibilities of an American loan to China. He had read in the papers that morning that China might raise a $20,000,000 credit in America. Did I think it was possible? Who might extend the loan? Was a loan for a lesser amount likely? He wrote continuously in his notebook as I pleaded ignorance of China's credit rating in the United States.

At Dairen, where I boarded the *Asia*, the fast air-conditioned train of the South Manchuria Railway, I was followed out on the station platform by a plainclothesman who politely handed me his card. It read simply: 'T. Yoshida. Secret Service. Tel. 4957.' He was interested in my impressions of Dairen, inquiring whether I had met any 'unhappy Chinese.' I had not, and was permitted to entrain.

Thirty minutes before we entered Harbin, an officer came through the train and collected all the passports, explaining that they might be retrieved at the station on arrival. This was accomplished without difficulty, but it seemed a little incongruous to see two blond white Russians, wearing huge Samurai swords in leather scabbards slung at the belts, handling the passports and collecting questionnaires. The Japanese, however, are employing several thousand white Russians, particularly in Manchukuo State Railway operations, in police work and minor civil posts.

III

The clang of a 50-year-old brass bell on the Russian side of the Manchuli station starts the Trans-Siberian Express on its 6,000 mile trip. It is a little irregular, but the conductor himself clangs the bell. No Russian train can start without such a signal from the station bell, but everywhere else in Russia the stationmaster or an assistant attends to the formality of banging the clapper. But in Manchuli, Manchukuo's border town, Japan will not permit any Russian station attachés. The trainmen down there are on their own. They consult their 24-hour watches and when it's 14 o'clock, or 2 P.M., they sound the bell for their own benefit and climb aboard.

A half dozen Japanese detectives and customs guards lean out of windows and vestibule doors on both sides looking backward along the train, on the watch for stowaways. The border is only a mile away. It is unmarked, save for a dirt road that crosses the track slightly diagonally. The crossing gates are closed and there are a few Manchukuan sentries on the alert.

The engine whistles shrilly for the border. With scant courtesy it slows up and, as each car comes abreast of the border recognized by Japan, the detectives and guards punctiliously swing off the train. Each one has ridden to the last foot of Manchukuan territory. The last one off signals to the locomotive, and with an almost perceptible air of relief the engineer leans back on the throttle. The Japanese range themselves

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beside the track and continue to watch until the train is out of sight.

It is an impressive border farewell to Japan. War could not bring greater vigilance and tensity. No one is free of suspicion.

For nearly an hour we were free of scrutiny. That was in the 6 mile strip of No Man's Land between Manchuli and Otpur, the Soviet border station, a neutral strip just wide enough so artillery wouldn't have to fire pointblank. Japan acknowledged the border as running just outside Manchuli; Russia asserted its rights only a few miles outside Otpur. Between the two the train runs unguarded, a decent interval for shedding the last vestiges of surveillance from the nervous, glaring forces on each side of the border.

On either side of the track are low, undulating hills, barren of trees but green with the tundra grass of Southern Siberia. For miles in each direction, in the clear dry air, neither house nor inhabitant may be seen.

At Otpur come the long and tedious formalities of entering Soviet Russia. Otpur is a hamlet of a dozen peeled-log houses on a gentle hillside sloping down toward the Trans-Siberian tracks. All the activity is centered at the long, rambling wooden station which houses customs and immigration offices, railway offices, a fly-specked dining room and money-changing bureau. A huge, glass-framed photograph of Stalin appears at the peak of the most prominent gable of the wooden building. Above him flies the Red flag and below are innumerable red banners containing the current party slogans.

The train slows down briefly before reaching the station and an O. G. P. U. official in uniform comes aboard, going through the cars collecting passports. The passports are out of sight until just a few minutes before the train leaves, four hours later.

Baggage examination obviously fell into two categories: printed matter, and everything else. The blue-coated customs man concerned himself with everything but papers, letters and magazines, which he turned over to the O. G. P. U. inspector, who stood behind him. Contrary to all expectations, the examiner went through my baggage quickly and almost perfunctorily. An electric razor excited some curiosity until I pantomimed its use.

Besides the customs, there was the usual currency examination, when all foreign money had to be declared and registered. Then came the questionnaires about personal history and intentions on entering Soviet Russia. Then, just before the train started, we were handed back our passports. The booted stationmaster clanged the bell and the Trans-Siberian Express started for Moscow.

IV

On a side-track of the Trans-Siberian Railway at Sludianka, in Eastern Siberia, was a trainload of ambulances —headed East. I counted 38 black, somber-looking vehicles with tiers for three patients each. There were no markings on the sides, just the conventional red crosses on what might have been the license plates. And at another station just a little farther along was a second trainload of 15.

'These ambulances,' said the American naval officer who was counting and scribbling in his notebook, 'ob-

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viously aren't for maternity cases. And they usually don't bring up the ambulances until they have provided for everything else. It's a rather significant display.'

But that was only one aspect of the tremendous volume of freight—men and munitions—flowing eastward over the Trans-Siberian. And this stream of traffic has been going on twenty-four hours a day for nearly two years. It's part of Soviet Russia's incredibly thorough preparations for a defensive war in the Far East.

I saw in one small Siberian town a trainload of submarine chasers, mounted on flatcars, two cars to a boat. I saw another trainload of pontoon bridge equipment, undoubtedly destined for hopping-off places along the Amur River which flows between Soviet Russia and Manchukuo.

I saw trainload after trainload of sealed boxcars, guarded from end to end by troops with fixed bayonets.

Then there were trainloads of emigrants going out from European Russia to Siberia. Some of them looked pretty bad. Twenty to twenty-five persons, men, women and children, were crowded into a car. There was no light or ventilation except from the side doors.

Most of the emigrants were barefooted. The train was alive with children, and seemingly with pregnant women. The children, half naked, sat in the sun outside the train picking lice off each other's heads.

It was an exhibition of squalor that stood out in contrast to the well-kept army camps and fit-looking troops of the Red Army seen by the thousands along the Trans-Siberian in the Lake Baikal region and eastward.

Cavalry camps and airfields seem to predominate in Eastern Siberia. Few infantry cantonments were noticeable, but those that were seen were large, capable of housing possibly ten regiments.

The airfields were less easy to discern. Occasionally, a field of some sort would be screened from the railway by a high wooden fencing that would extend for a mile or two. Twice I was able to get a brief look on the other side of the screen through a gate that had been left open. Both times it was an airfield that had been concealed.

On another occasion, when the train stopped well out in the sparsely settled country between towns, due to high water ahead of us, four pursuit planes rose from a field over behind one of the hills overlooking the railway. They circled over the train two or three times and then, one after another, let out parachutists who floated down into a field about a half mile from the train. It was a bit of showing off, perhaps, for the Soviets are inordinately proud of their parachute jumpers. It would appear that not all of the airfields are in sight of the Trans-Siberian train.

I talked with a Soviet engineer who had spent nine months in the Baikal region taking samples of ores for analysis. He was most enthusiastic about the sources of raw material that he had found. The region around Lake Baikal, he admitted, was the weakest spot in the Trans-Siberian Railway link. The lake is one of the most beautiful bodies of water anywhere in the world, but unfortunately, its 400 miles of length stretches at right angles, north and south, across the path of the Trans-Siberian. When the road first was opened at the turn of the century it ran to both shores from the

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east and west and trains were ferried across the lake. In 1905 the road was extended with great difficulty around the southern end of the lake.

A well-placed bomb, tumbling a cliff on the tracks, or blowing up the whole side of the mountain, tracks and all, would put the Trans-Siberian out of commission for months. Japan, of course, knows that, and probably the first expedition of bombers setting out from Manchukuo in the event of another war, declared or otherwise, would head straight for Lake Baikal. The point where the road bends rather sharply around the lake end is the most vulnerable spot of the entire line.

But the Soviets have known that for years, too, and some time ago began the construction of another line around the north end of the lake.

V

What Japan would like to know about Siberia today is chiefly this: how nearly completed is the new Trans-Siberian Railway being constructed north of Lake Baikal?

It is safe to say that the Japanese General Staff knows every foot of the old Trans-Siberian line and has it completely mapped. But they know little or nothing of the new road that supposedly starts either at Krasnoyarsk or at Taishet, 200 miles west of Baikal, skirts the northern end of the lake and stretches across the tundra wastes of northern Siberia to connect with Khabarovsk, headquarters of the Far Eastern Red Army.

'What shall I look for in Siberia?' I banteringly asked a friendly Japanese officer before I left Tokyo.

'Just one thing,' he replied in the same vein. 'You might try to find out whether the new Trans-Siberian line is completed. It would make a good news story for you.'

I looked carefully at Krasnoyarsk but saw only a large, spirited-looking city nestling in the valley of the Yenesei River, backgrounded by four smoothly rounded hills of even height. There was a sizable railroad yard, with a huge reserve of rolling stock, including a lot of dismantled locomotives. And then there were two twin-motored bombers hovering lazily overhead, but no indication that the city had become one of the most important junction points on the present Trans-Siberian.

It is doubtful, in fact, whether very many Russians know whether the new line has been completed. An official radio broadcast in Moscow last December announced that the 1,800-mile line had been finished. A month before a similar announcement was made at a session of the Congress of Soviets. But these announcements apparently were deliberately premature.

It has been ten months now since that information was given out, and there has been no further news of the line, no indication that any train has gone through. Actual progress of the construction is, of course, a strictly guarded secret but not one that Moscow is likely to withhold when it is in operation. Two Red Army engineers aboard my train were positive that it had not been completed. Current official Intourist maps of the Trans-Siberian show no signs of the road. But as near as I can judge from all the evidence, including the present crowded traffic on the old Trans-Siberian, the road is not more than three-fourths built and probably will not be finished until next year.

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The new line will have an immense bearing on the military strategy of Japan in the event of a major conflict with Russia. While it is generally believed that the Russian Far Eastern Army is organized to wage a war independently of European Russia, that probably could not go on for more that a year, and in any case Russia cannot afford to have her vital communications route cut. Moscow has not lost sight of the fact that Tsarist Russia's inability to move troops and supplies rapidly across Siberia was a fatal weakness in the previous war with Japan.

That is why Russia is working at top speed, with thousands of convicts, to complete the new independent supply line which is destined to be the most strategically important railroad in the world. The exact route is still a military secret, but it has been depicted from hearsay on several existent maps, including one which the Japanese War Office will show you if you know the right persons. If, as it appears on these maps, the line runs parallel and from 200 to 500 miles north of the present Trans-Siberian, the undertaking is a stupendous engineering feat with great mountain ranges to be pierced, dense forests to be penetrated and deep, wide rivers to be bridged.

Besides tapping a vast new area of untold raw resources, the road will be one of the most important defense measures that can be achieved by Russia. Primarily it will be out of reach of Japan's bombers, and then, with the new line in operation, there will be no decisive objective in Japan's plumping for Lake Baikal.

And if Japan should strike anywhere west of Krasnoyarsk, cutting across Outer Mongolia, her own line of communications would stretch out to nearly 3,000 miles—far too long to sustain. There would remain only the probability of a frontal attack from the Japan Sea and the Korean border, with the absurd hope of pushing the Red Army backward along two parallel rail lines.

No wonder Japan would like to know, even in an offhand, conversational way, as the staff officer indicated to me, whether Russia has completed this road.

Japan apparently has lost one valuable source of information on the eastern end of the line. Until early this year some 45,000 Koreans have been living in Russia's Maritime Province, across the Ussuri River, whence the new line would terminate. Most of them had gone there several generations ago. Others more recently had escaped over the border to get away from the Japanese. In the space of a few months, Japan charges, Soviet Russia has uprooted the entire Korean population and transferred them far inland—as far west as the Urals.

The Japanese Foreign Office last spring made repeated protests about this mass movement of Japanese nationals. Under Japan's dual citizenship law, even if the Koreans who had filtered across the border were self-acknowledged Soviet citizens, they remained Japanese nationals. The protests, of course, went unheeded. To replace the Koreans the Soviets moved similar thousands outward from European Russia to take up farming, timbering and fishing.

Why did Soviet Russia move the Koreans out of this hot spot? There was no explanation from Moscow, but Japan indignantly suspects that

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the Soviets feared too many Japanese agents were working among the Koreans, disguised as Koreans or actually Koreans, and learning military secrets about Soviet Far Eastern defenses.

VI

The Far Eastern Red Army is under the semi-autonomous command of Marshal Vassily K. Bluecher, the 'Red Napoleon.' Bluecher, a former factory mechanic, at 49 is considered a military genius. He is a veteran campaigner of the Asian continent. Under the name of Galen he helped the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, to organize the revolutionary armies of China. His natural military talents had been developed in the Russian civil war. His party standing seems unassailable, but Japanese papers several times this year have printed stories that he had met the disfavor of Josef Stalin and was headed for liquidation.

The force of 400,000 or more under his command in the Far East, although as yet untested, bears all the earmarks of being one of the best professional armies in the world today.

I had a close-at-hand view of about a half dozen Red Army officers in the same car with me during seven days and seven nights on the Trans-Siberian trip. In general, they appeared alert, well-fed, well-trained and as snappy as the expensive whipcord uniforms they wore. They carried an air of easy self-assurance.

One cavalry captain spoke passable German, and positively enjoyed talking openly and unrestrainedly to a Nazi electrical engineer on his way back from China. Another spoke French, and was slightly addicted to *eau de cologne*. Two of them had their wives and children with them, on leave for a trip to Moscow, and were making a pleasant holiday trip.

On the station platform at Omsk I enquired of a vendor through one of the Soviet officers the price of an ordinary piece of soap. The price was two and a half rubles, or nearly half a dollar in American money. I said that was too much and walked away. After the train had started there was a knock at my compartment door, and the officer appeared and graciously presented me the bar of soap with his compliments.

A private, riding third class, said his allowance while on leave was 25 rubles a day. That is nearly three times the average wage of unskilled factory workers in Russia.

In Moscow a few days later I was standing at the desk of the Metropole Hotel when one of the officers who had been on the train with me came in with a girl. Moscow has 'abolished prostitution,' but not sturdy-legged, stockingless girls on the streets. The officer spoke Russian, which I do not understand, but it was obvious he was ordering a pretty good room for the night. He peeled 70 rubles off a healthy roll of currency and paid for his room. He and his girl, without luggage, were shown upstairs.

Morale among the troops in Siberia undoubtedly is high. In contrast to the civilian population, which appears furtive, secretive and embarrassed among foreigners, the Red Army men exude well-being and high satisfaction.

With such troops as these Marshal Bluecher issued his famous 'Order No. 330' last autumn, a warning to Japan that has still held good. It read:—

'The Far Eastern Army, one of the

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foremost detachments of the Red Army, guards the Soviet Far Eastern border, one of the most menaced sectors of our Socialist fatherland.

'We declare that this army and the Pacific fleet will not allow the Fascist bloc to violate a single inch of our border. If we are forced to abandon peaceful labor construction to start a war, we shall carry it beyond the borders of our Socialist fatherland.'

There is a great similarity between the lots of Siberia and Manchukuo. Both are the laboratories, drill grounds, playthings and juvenile prodigies of their respective wards—Russia and Japan. Neither is allowed to live its own untrammeled life. Both are the products of rigidly planned and supervised economies. Both are overgrown boys, bigger than their guardians who, like most parents, are anxious that their wards become self-sustaining units and help out with the chores. And when the big fight comes it will be Siberia and Manchukuo leading with their chins.

Russia and Japan are colonizing their buffer States as fast as the bewildered, alarmed colonists can be absorbed. Sometimes, particularly in the case of Japan, they are fed in a little too fast. Siberia's population increased from 10,000,000 in 1914 to 25,500,000 in 1934. In that period cultivated land increased from 32,000 square miles to 97,000. Japan this year adopted a plan of sending 1,000,000 youthful settlers to Manchukuo over a 20-year period, but the area they will colonize is one-tenth the present settlement areas of Siberia.

You cannot travel across the width of Manchukuo, and then Siberia, without becoming aware that both are processed States. Japan may call hers an empire, complete with emperor and resplendently new capital, and Russia may denote hers as several republics with the old capitals whitewashed, but the effect is pretty much the same. The artificiality is there and no amount of red banners or singing in the streets can conceal it.

The only contrast comes in the methods of the progenitors. Russia is building up Siberia on a pay-and-make-pay-as-you-go basis, and Japan has built a miniature empire in five years and hopes it will pay.

'Here,' says Japan to the Chinese of Manchuria, 'is your made-to-measure empire, and you'll like it.'

The most striking and most prominently placed mural in the new $4,000,000 State Council building in Hsinking, Manchukuo's capital, depicts a group of young Japanese and Chinese girls dancing in the bright sunlight of a Manchurian meadow. They are hand in hand. Several Chinese boys are looking on, seemingly at the point of joining the dance. There are no Japanese boys in sight. Probably they are on guard somewhere nearby.

And then there is a Japanese-made epigram that every Chinese wants a Japanese wife, a Chinese cook and a European house. Like so many epigrams it isn't true at all, nor is it meant to suggest that the Japanese encourage assimilation.

But that Japan is determined that Manchukuo shall not be the next big Far Eastern battleground, there is scarcely any doubt. Japan is ready to pounce. The Changkufeng Mountain incident of the past summer was a prelude of what might come. Japan knows it and Soviet Russia knows it. That's why the guns roll East.

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Three views of the 'peace with honor:' by a disillusioned Englishman, a standard bearer for President Eduard Beneš, and a sad but relieved Frenchman.

'Peace *with* Honor'

I. France Takes Stock

By Alexander Werth

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

AFTER Daladier came back from Munich, large crowds, including ex-servicemen's delegations with their banners, assembled in the Champs-Elysées and the Place de l'Etoile to see him rekindle the flame on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. And as the hundred thousand people present sang the *Marseillaise*, one felt that there was in the hearts of all these people—or most of them—a struggle between two different emotions—gratitude because France had been spared a terrible war and an intense anxiety for her future.

After the joy and the relief of the first few days after the Munich agreement, the time has come in France for taking stock. 'Apart from England we have got nobody left' is a phrase more and more frequently heard in Paris today. Together with Czechoslovakia France has lost the Polish alliance and probably also the Russian alliance, and treaties bearing her signature have lost much weight. Even the *Temps* has admitted that 'the Polish and Russian alliances have lost much of their practical meaning.'

What is more, it is widely felt that even the British alliance is no longer what it used to be after Mr. Chamberlain's talk with Herr Hitler on September 30. It was a severe blow to France and not least to M. Daladier himself, who apparently had not expected anything like that at Munich. It is probable that a similar Franco-German declaration 'may shortly' be made, but no one in France can have any illusions about the value of such a German promise to France. But the Anglo-German declaration is considered here to be of much more than academic interest. It is believed to be the first clear indication of that new

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British policy which has already brought about the resignation of Mr. Duff Cooper.

Although the Anglo-German declaration is not a legally binding document, it has been remarked in Paris that it is in effect something like a non-aggression pact, and the question is asked how such a bilateral non-aggression pact can be reconciled with Britain's guarantee to France and Belgium. Whatever the answer to this, it is strongly felt that the Anglo-German declaration clearly marks a weakening of the Anglo-French alliance as the keystone of Britain's Continental policy.

In this connection M. de Kerillis quotes a remarkable statement which 'one of the most eminent British Conservatives' (one guess is Mr. Winston Churchill) made to him a fortnight ago:—

> The Czecho-Slovak affair may have much graver consequences than is imagined. For three centuries British policy has been based on the balance of power in Europe. We have always fought against the hegemony of any one Power. But this policy was possible only because we always had a strong point of support which we used as our basis. In reading your papers, in looking at your reactions, we are for the first time beginning to wonder whether such a point of support exists any longer. It is therefore possible that the time will come when we may be obliged to break away from our traditional policy, and instead of resisting against the dominating Power in Europe we shall endeavor to come to terms with it.

M. de Kerillis adds: 'It is only fair to say that he did not add "At your expense." But nevertheless his words have worried me greatly; and I also remembered *Mein Kampf* with the isolation and destruction of France as Hitler's ultimate aim.'

Altogether since pondering over the Anglo-German declaration, the French papers are no longer as enthusiastic about Munich as they were. No doubt *Paris-Soir* is still collecting money for 'a villa in France with a river where he can fish' which is to be presented to Mr. Chamberlain, and the President of the Paris Town Council has asked Mr. Chamberlain to visit Paris and to receive the gratitude of the Paris people. But many of the papers are now in a state of confusion.

Two of the writers most responsible for the shocking anti-Czech campaign of the past weeks—namely, M. Charles Maurras in the *Action Française* and M. Bailby in the *Jour*—admit that far from being a victory Munich was a terrible defeat for France; but they try to cheer themselves up by going, the one for the French Communists and the other for Moscow—all of which is a little illogical after M. Maurras had treated Herr Hitler as 'the mad dog of Europe' and had deplored the ever-growing strength of this 'mad dog.'

II

The isolation of France is keenly felt and the question persistently asked after the Anglo-German statement is: 'What is England's policy going to be?' If it is to be the four-Power pact, then France can clearly play in it no part except that of England's satellite, with no will and no initiative of her own; and in any case this four-Power pact can produce nothing good for France and Britain, it is felt here.

Already the first result of the four-Power pact agreement at Munich has

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been to strangle Czechoslovakia. The second result was Poland's ultimatum to Czechoslovakia—a move which showed that four-Power pact decisions will either not be observed at all or else be violated only at the expense of France, England, and their friends. In any case the four-Power pact, which had always been regarded by France as a dangerous heresy, is Signor Mussolini's most cherished invention—which alone is enough to make it suspect.

In the view of French observers the alternative to a four-Power pact policy in Mr. Chamberlain's mind is an Anglo-German policy. This at least would have the 'advantage' of robbing Italy of her ambition to play the balance-of-power game hitherto played by England. In either case, however, France, it is felt, would be in an extremely precarious position. Under the four-Power pact she would be the reluctant and helpless 'fourth partner;' under the Anglo-German policy she would be even more at the mercy of England's and Germany's good graces, with nothing to fall back on except the more than doubtful friendship of Italy (the cultivation of which, by the way, is now being again advocated by the press of the Right, but this time without the old conviction).

No doubt the policy of Anglo-German friendship would not be directed against France but against Russia. But ultimately such a deliberate aggrandizement of Germany's power would hardly save France—or England for that matter. And the question is also asked whether Mr. Chamberlain, while no doubt considering the Rhine frontier essential to British security, will not expect France to foot the greater share of Germany's colonial bill.

Altogether there are few Frenchmen who doubt that if such a policy is pursued it will result in the isolation of France, to be accompanied, or followed, by the isolation of England. A patriotically-minded Frenchman like M. de Kerillis, who fears the worst, holds that France can now be saved only by a complete reorganization and the creation of what he calls an 'Authoritarian Republic.'

The internal consequences of the Munich Pact in France are still incalculable. The idea of building up a tremendous defense machine now that all allies have been lost has gained ground; and with it all sorts of theories about an authoritarian régime, a military dictatorship, a totalitarian financial system and what not. Among the working class, on the other hand, there is profound disgust with the 'Republican régime' as it has functioned in the last months and a great loss of loyalty to 'democracy.'

Looking back on the Czech crisis some interesting new reflections and suggestions have been made—one, for instance, is that Herr Hitler was bluffing to the bitter end. Germany clearly could not afford to fight against a vast coalition (a point that was later blatantly admitted in Field Marshal Göring's paper).

Secondly it is whispered that the Munich meeting was in reality discreetly suggested to a certain important person in Rome by a neutral diplomat—who was clearly acting on Germany's behalf. If so, Munich was much less of a triumph for Mr. Chamberlain than is commonly supposed.

Finally the reflection is made that

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if Herr Hitler was really prepared to go to war with France and England he would not have acted as he did this time: he gave them several weeks to prepare for war. But his favorite war theory, on the contrary, is that the war should start 'like a bolt from the blue.'

II. Europe's Tragic Hero

By A. L. Easterman

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

I RETURN dazed and bewildered to England from the torn remnant of the great little country that, only recently, you knew as Czechoslovakia.

I hear the joy-bells still ringing in these British Isles.

Peace on earth, goodwill to all men.

Farewell, once again, to all that.

Glory for the Big Four at whose magic touch the grim accoutrements of war and disaster have disappeared. Haloes and bouquets and triumphal processions. What honor can be too great to demonstrate the fervent gratitude of a war-scared people miraculously rescued from the embroilments and catastrophe of war?

When we can bring ourselves to wipe away the tears of joy which have clouded our eyes these last emotional days, our vision will, perhaps, become a little clearer and when our emotion of thanksgiving has run its course, as it must, perhaps our minds will begin to put things in a more real perspective. We shall ask ourselves, I hope, to whom, in truth, the crown of glory should be awarded for the boon of peace which has been vouchsafed to us. I shall venture the answer which will be given, not in the narrow limits visioned today, but by the more rational verdict of history.

If any single man gave peace to Europe and the world, it was not Neville Chamberlain, it was not the flamboyant Cæsar of Fascist Rome, it was not the raucous, thundering Führer of Nazi Germany. It was a little man who sat calm and dignified in tragic isolation on the hill overlooking Prague, the staunch democrat in the ancient palace of the Bohemian kings, the custodian of the liberties of the Czechoslovak people.

To Eduard Beneš, President of the dismembered Czechoslovak Republic, the crown of glory should be given; to him and him alone the world should kneel in humble thanksgiving, for he and he alone saved the continent of Europe from overwhelming catastrophe.

Pause and think just a little what this man has done—and sacrificed—for the peace of the world. One single word from him, one false move, one hasty act, one moment of anger at the taunts of his enemy or at the betrayal by his friends, and Europe would have been aflame.

Beneš did not utter that word, nor did he return insult for insult or pour scorn on deserting allies. In these three dread weeks following Hitler's first tornado of violence and abuse and threats to march against Czechoslovakia, the Czech people rose to heights of patriotic fervor unparalleled, in my view, in the world's history.

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They prepared to meet the challenge of an invader immeasurably more powerful with a spirit of sacrifice that no nation, great or small, has equaled.

Not once but a hundred times I heard in the streets of Prague the words, 'We know we shall perish, but better to die than to yield to force and humiliation'—spoken without arrogance, without emotion, with a pride that was terrifying in its calm grimness. Men and women and children, the sort of people you and I meet every day, spoke like that.

There was in Prague no thud of the tom-toms rousing the blood lust of battle like those drums that thudded sickeningly in the Berlin Sport Palast when Hitler shouted and thundered and hammered on the table, '*Dieser Beneš!*'

And as the days wore on, each blacker with menace for the Czech people than the other, the zeal for war in the defense of their liberty and independence rose to the height of a great crusade. But Beneš held in check that fervor for death before dishonor. When the news spread through Prague that erstwhile friends had forced Beneš to yield to Hitler, the people, for the first time, broke through the barrier of pent-up emotion and steel discipline that had held them calm.

II

I shall not forget easily that march of the citizens of Prague that night. Densely packed masses of men, women and children, in their scores of thousands, marching all through the night almost transfixed with emotion—not hysteria, but agony, sheer agony, allied with a fierce resolve to fight. And there were tears, not of weakness but of baulked strength and now uncontrollable passion.

We had heard with ice-cold hearts cries of 'Death to Beneš,' which must have struck the great little patriot-democrat on the hill like a dagger thrust by a loved child into the heart of a parent.

But Beneš remained calm in his tragedy and isolation. He braved the wrath of his impassioned, disappointed people by himself, issuing a call for order, quiet and dignity in the hour of grief and disaster. Again, there were no taunts against either menacing foe or false friend, no shouts of defiance which would have sent an enraged populace to the battlefield. All he urged, in sad, courageous tones, was watchfulness and preparedness.

Beneš had one sole all-vital aim—to work incessantly, fervently, to hold in check the forces within and without that were clamoring for action—and for his head. All night long, every night for weeks, the lights burned in the large, almost bare white-and-gold room in the Hradcany Palace where Beneš worked and struggled to preserve the hopes of his people and to maintain the peace of Europe, knowing as he did that peace involved the disruption of his beloved country and the tragic sorrow of his shattered nation.

Men in his immediate entourage told me of the haggard, weary, sad, little man on whom the gravest burden in history had been cast. I heard how, day and night without a break, he toiled in that room, snatching only the briefest moments of troubled sleep on a couch, eating scrap meals of sandwiches and coffee, buried in papers, incessantly on the telephone, to Lon-

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don, to Paris, to Berlin, to Warsaw, to a hundred government offices, to the army command, pleading, arguing, soothing, advising, guiding Cabinet Ministers and generals, dictating to secretaries, presiding at Cabinet meetings all day and often all night.

Counsel, threats, ultimatums came tumbling on his head. All day, all night. Every day. Through it all Beneš maintained his calm and his judgment—working for peace with honor, but, alas, with sacrifice.

I heard accounts of fierce storms within the Cabinet, of struggles with Ministers who were for war and Ministers who were for yielding, of fierce demands for Beneš's resignation and for a military dictatorship in his stead, and of how Beneš, cool-headed and clear-thinking, kept his house in order and struggled for reason against precipitation. I was told how he said often that one rash, hasty act would plunge the world into tragedy, that one shot fired by an exasperated Czech soldier across the frontier would be the signal for a European catastrophe.

When told by an intransigent and despairing colleague that Czechoslovakia, deserted by paper allies, would fight Germany single-handed, Beneš, far-sighted and brave as always, pointed out that his country might begin the fight alone, but nothing could stop the embroilment of all the nations of Europe and that millions of men would perish in the maelstrom of blood.

In that spirit and with that determination, Edouard Beneš had to surrender the land of his fathers and plunge the patriots of Czechoslovakia into sorrow and mourning. He was given no choice. In our hour of joy for peace secured and children saved from death, let us remember and shed a tear for this man and the noble people with whom he mourns.

'We bequeath our sorrows to England and France,' they told the world the other night. What shall we in Britain say to that?

Shall it be the words of Shakespeare's Richard II?

England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.

III. Reflections on War

By Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

Translated from *Paris-Soir*, Paris Liberal Daily

WE have chosen to save peace. But in doing so we have injured our friends. Doubtless many among us were disposed to risk their lives to fulfill the duty of friendship. These people now feel a sort of shame. Yet if it were peace that they had sacrificed they would have known the same feeling of shame. For then they would have sacrificed man: they would have accepted the irreparable destruction of Europe's cathedrals, laboratories and libraries. They would have consented to destruction of age-old tradi-

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tions, to the world's transformation into a heap of smoking ashes. That is why we have vacillated from one opinion to another. When peace seems threatened, we discover in ourselves a shame of war. But when we are spared war, we feel a shame of peace.

Yes, those were heavy days that we spent waiting before our radios. We were like a crowd of people, milling before a factory gate, waiting for work. Those men who had gathered to hear Hitler speak saw themselves packed into lorries and shipped to the front, pressed into the service of the factory that was war. As if already mobilized for the gigantic *corvée*, the research student renounced his figures; the gardener who had created a new specimen of a rose became resigned to leaving the world unadorned by that rose. All of us were uprooted, confused and thrown pell-mell under the grinding wheels. And this, not in the spirit of sacrifice, but of resignation to a supreme absurdity.

Yet we knew that war, that has now become a thing of shells and yperite, could end only in the collapse of Europe. It appears we are less sensitive than one would imagine to a description of a cataclysm. Every week, sitting in a moving picture house, we see the bombardments of Spain and China. Untouched ourselves, we hear explosions that shake cities to their very foundations. We watch with awe the fountains of soot and ashes soaring slowly to the sky. It is the wheat in the granaries, the family treasures, the heritage of generations, the flesh of burned children that swell this black cumulus. We remember the houses in Madrid, whose windows, like dead eyes, no longer hold anything but empty space. But the horror does not pass beyond the screen, and we watch with the indifferent eyes of a mere spectator the shells noiselessly falling, like plummets, into the living houses that they disembowel.

II

Why, then, do we wage wars, knowing at the same time that wars are absurd and monstrous? Wherein is the contradiction? What is the true meaning of war, a necessity so imperative that it dominates horror and death?

You may answer that war is a product of the madness of man. We must know into what language, understandable by all, we can translate this statement of man's madness and thus save ourselves from it. To talk about man's savage instincts, rapacity and bloodthirstiness is an inadequate explanation. To accept it means to forget the self-sacrifice and asceticism, the discipline and the sense of brotherhood in danger, which are also a part of war. To understand why men for some reason accept privations and death one must forget that there are opposing camps and one must refrain from discussing ideologies. These divisions among men, once admitted, bring in their train certain unshakable truths. Men can always be ranged on two sides, men of the Right and men of the Left, Fascists and democrats, even hunchbacks and non-hunchbacks, and the distinctions cannot be attacked.

In the long run, we are really at war against ourselves. Our divisions, our struggles, our injuries are those of the same body that bends its strength against itself, and is torn as if in birth-giving. Perhaps, something will be born of this travail that will surmount these diverse visions, but let us hasten

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PALO ALTO

the process, which otherwise might end in death. Do not forget that war today is carried on with high explosives. It is like a surgical assault of an insect that strives to paralyze the nerve centers of the enemy. In the first hour of war, Europe, this organism made up of 200 million men, would have lost its nervous system, as if it had been burnt out by an acid. It would no longer be anything but an enormous cancer that would soon rot away.

Nothing is stronger than a need that seeks an outlet. If this need can express itself only in ideology that leads to war, then there is no doubt about it, war there will be. It is useless to discuss Hitler with a German who today is ready to spill his blood for him. It is because the German finds in Hitler a fit vessel into which to pour his enthusiasm and his life that Hitler is great. And, after all, the capacity to give oneself, loyalty until death, disregard of danger, those are exactly the qualities that are the basis for man's nobility.

Somewhere we must have made a wrong turn. This human anthill is richer than ever. We have more possessions and more leisure, yet we lack something that we can hardly define, and we feel ourselves to be less men. We have lost a part of some mysterious prerogatives.

Once, in Juby, I have raised gazelles. We used to keep them in a trellised enclosure in the fresh air because gazelles need to feel the running currents of winds around them. If they are captured young enough, they live and eat from your hand. They let themselves be caressed and sometimes even nestle their humid muzzles in the hollow of your palm. And one thinks that they are tamed. But there comes a day when you find them pressing with their little horns against the enclosure, facing in the direction of the desert. And if you do not lead them away, they would stay there, not even struggling against the barrier, simply leaning against it with their little horns and drooping heads until they die. You know that they have been seized by nostalgia, that strange desire for one knows not what. It exists, the object of their desire, but there are no words to express it.

III

And we, what is it we long for? We too, are seeking to clear the prison walls that are closing around us. There are 200 million men in Europe who want to be delivered. Industry has torn them from their peasant roots and has enclosed them in the enormous ghettoes of the city. They want to escape from the prisons that are the workers' cities. One escape is donning a uniform. They will sing their war chants and break bread with comrades. Marching together, they will find what they seek, a feeling of universal comradeship. But the bread that they will break among themselves and eat, this bread will poison them.

One can erect idols of wood and resuscitate old languages, old philosophies of pan-Germanism or of the Roman Empire. One can make the Germans drunk with the pride of being German and Beethoven's compatriots. But these demagogic idols are carnivorous idols that demand human sacrifice. He who dies to advance science and to cure sickness at least serves life by his death. Death for the expansion

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of Germany, Italy or Japan is a fine-sounding death, but your enemy then is not the cancer that resists every serum. The enemy is a man like you and victory goes to him who will rot last.

We have felt dimly that man can commune with man only if they follow the same vision. The pilots meet if they fly for the same line. Mountain climbers meet when they are scaling the heights toward the same peak. All of us, in a world that has become a desert, long to meet comrades. We don't really need war to feel a friend's shoulder next to our own in a race toward the same goal, for hatred adds nothing to the exultation of the race. What is the use of deceiving a chimney-sweep by inciting him in the name of Beethoven against his fellow men, when in the same land they would imprison Beethoven in a concentration camp if he didn't think exactly like a chimney-sweep? The latter's aim should rather be to grow and be able to speak one day, like Beethoven, a universal language.

We will fulfill ourselves and find communion in striving for a common, universal aim. The surgeon examining an ailing man's body reaches beyond it, to the universal plane—for his task is to cure Man, in the universal sense. The line pilot with his muscular grip drives the engine through eddying currents; it is hard labor. But in struggling he serves human relations—he, too, enters into the universal plane. Yes, even the simple shepherd watching his flock beneath the stars, if he feels his rôle as a man, becomes more than just a shepherd but a sentinel guarding the confines of his empire.

If we know this awareness of the universe, we shall reënter upon the destined path of man. Then we can live in peace and die in peace, for that which gives sense to life also gives sense to death. And peaceful death can be so sweet—death in the shadow of a Provençal cemetery, when the old peasant, his work done, gives to his sons his life's accumulation of worldly goods—a flock of goats and a grove of olive trees. One dies only half a death in the peasant dynasty, where there is a sense of continuity. Every life that ends is like a pod that bursts, spilling the seed to the fertile ground.

THE LAMBETH WALK —*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

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A tale of two traditions, and a child who forsook one in following the other.

Child Actor

By YUZO YAMAMOTO

From *Contemporary Japan*
Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

'DO YOU understand now? When Hamako-San says "Mother's going to give you something nice," and takes the sweet out of the cupboard for you, then you—yes, that's right—you just look down stubbornly, not saying a word. That's the way! No, no! Don't keep staring at your hands forever! I've told you how to do it. Don't you remember? Steal a glance at your mother—Hamako-San, I mean—but still keep your eyes down. . . . No, don't look at her like that.

'When I say to steal a glance at her, I don't mean to look right into her face. Look up from under your eyebrows, sort of slyly, you know, like a stray cat after a fish in the kitchen, one eye on the fish and the other on the people. . . .

'Remember, you don't get along with her very well. She's not your real mother, you know. You're shy with her and afraid of everything she does. Now, let's go on. "What's the matter? Don't you want the sweet?"'

'Nay, I wish it not.'

'No, no! That won't do at all! Why do you drag your words out and sing them in that old-fashioned way? Anyhow, it isn't "I wish it not" but "I don't want it." Say it naturally, as you would any time.'

'Nay, I wish it not.'

'But that's the old *kabuki* way. This part is not *Senmatsu* of *Sendai-hagi* or *Sankichi* of *The Parting of Shigenoi*. Forget the classic tone and use everyday words in your own voice —"No, I don't want it"—as you do at home any time. You don't like your stepmother, and you don't believe she means what she says.'

'Nay, I wish it not.'

Eisuke, his patience all but exhausted, still tried in every way he knew to teach the boy, but the harder he tried, the more formal and unnatural became the speech, with the boy on the verge of tears. There was nothing to do but end the rehearsal for the day.

It had been a mistake, of course, to try to use such a boy in a modern play

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that Eisuke had written. The child's father was a small-part actor of the old school and had taught him such rôles as that of *Senmatsu*. Eisuke should not have attempted to force him to change from the old style to the realistic acting of the modern drama. It would have been better to find another boy, but peculiar circumstances prohibited so simple a solution.

The theatrical company that was presenting the play was composed of well-known *kabuki* actors who were supposed to understand the technic of the modern drama as well as that of the old. When Eisuke had received the letter from Fukuzumi, manager of the troupe, offering to produce his first play, he was almost beside himself with joy. He had known in his heart that the work was good and must win a hearing, but to have these famous players take him up was a real triumph.

The first meeting of the cast—'gathering faces,' they called it—had given him a taste of *kabuki* formalism. At the end, the *todori*, or actors' agent, had said, 'Now that we have finished our business, let us close in the usual way.' The whole company had stood up, Eisuke a little behind the others. "Iyo!" the *todori* had called out, and all had clapped hands, shouting 'Chio-chio-chion, CHION!'

Eisuke had meant only to look on, but recollection of something he had heard of how superstitious actors are and how not one must be omitted when they 'celebrate luck" had made him try to follow the others. Unacquainted with the rhythm, he had not done very well, much to his embarrassment.

It was at this meeting that the child actor, Senshi, had been presented to him. The boy had seemed all right; his age and size were perfect for the part. Only on learning that his father was an old *kabuki* underling had Eisuke had misgivings. He had pointed out to the director the danger of trying to fit a *kabuki* child actor into a modern play, but Fukuzumi and the others had thought the boy ideal, making it difficult for the young author to insist on a change. The first rehearsal had convinced him that his fears had been warranted, but then it had been too late to do anything about it. The opening night was near, and here he was still clinging to the formal, stilted style of the *kabuki* stage.

II

After one especially discouraging rehearsal, Eisuke went from the theater to the Ginza, his gloomy face and listless gait testifying to the desperation in his heart. His dinner finished, he strolled along the avenue, scarcely glancing at the windows and electric signs until one forced itself on his attention, King Toys. He stopped short, a sudden hope taking shape. With no children of his own, he never before had noticed even the existence of this toy shop, but now, all his concern centered in one small lad, it seemed a very important place.

Smiling, he went inside. In kaleidoscopic colors, drums, rattles, trains, blocks, dolls, balls, wooden horses, guns and hundreds of other toys crowded the counters and shelves. Eisuke was at a loss as to what to choose, but with the help of a salesboy he left hopefully with a large automobile and an airplane bulging clumsily under one arm.

The next day, he called Senshi to

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him and bestowed on him the bundle. With eager fingers, the boy opened the boxes. He jumped up and down with delight and in no time was absorbed in flying the airplane and running the motorcar across the empty stage.

Rehearsal time came. All the old faults could not be corrected at once, of course, but after a few attempts, Eisuke began to hope that patience and kindness would save the situation. The child certainly was acting more naturally.

The next day, in anticipation of another good rehearsal, the young man brought some cakes for the boy. They ought to help further progress, he thought. But he was mistaken. All the ground gained the previous day was gone, and Senshi again was the perfect *Senmatsu*. Eisuke was utterly discouraged. How could the child have forgotten all he had learned so well the day before?

Eisuke afterward confided his perplexity to Fukuzumi, who listened sympathetically, thought awhile and then suggested:—

'It's possible, you know, that he may be taught at home.'

'Taught at home! But why, and by whom? His father, you mean?'

'I have a feeling that's the answer. It's probably gone to his head that his son has been given so important a part, and of course the old man would want to see him do his best according to his ideals.'

The director summoned the father, Sennojo, who admitted that he went through the part with the boy every evening. He did not go so far, of course, as to teach him.

'So that's it! You've been putting him through his part. Well, see that you stop it. Your reviewing every night counteracts all the hard work Shimura-San puts into teaching the boy so patiently in the day.'

'He has been very kind, I know,' the father said. 'I didn't mean any harm in drilling the boy. He's a bit slow in memorizing, and I just. . . .'

'Well, don't do it. Remember that this play is quite different from those in which you act.'

Sennojo agreed, bowing low.

After that, with no drilling at home, Senshi improved rapidly in his performance. Eisuke completely won his affection by lavishing on him more toys and sweets than he would have given a son of his own. He could do with the boy whatever he liked.

'What a change!' Fukuzumi exclaimed one day as he watched the rehearsal. 'You'd never know it was the same child.'

'No, you wouldn't,' Eisuke agreed, his tone reflecting pride in his achievement. 'But at first I thought I'd never be able to do anything with him.'

'Yes, I remember,' Fukuzumi laughed. 'But do you know you've spoiled the child? Your petting and praising have given him a terribly swelled head. He's ordering his father around like a drum-major. He thinks he's a great actor already. I hear he even has the old man waiting with a cup of hot tea as he goes off stage.'

Eisuke thought it a good joke. He was too elated over what he had accomplished with the boy to be much concerned. He need not worry if Senshi would only stay as he was. The rest of the actors were professionals and had risen naturally to the occasion.

The rehearsal over, he was washing his hands when he heard a child crying. Sensitive now to children's voices, he strained his ears. Yes, it was Sen-

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shi. Alarmed, he hurried toward the sound.

'No, no, I won't do it!' the boy wailed to Sennojo, who was standing in front of him.

'Now listen to me! If you don't obey and do what I say, I'll give you this!'

The father pushed a clenched fist closer to the child's face.

Eisuke was upon them, demanding to know what was wrong. He put a hand protectingly on the boy's shoulder. Sennojo laughed weakly and insisted that it was nothing.

'Don't cry, Senshi,' the young man said. 'You mustn't cry except in your part, and you don't need to practice that behind the scenes.'

'The master's quite right,' Sennojo threw in, again trying to laugh off the situation. 'Master, your play is wonderful! How did you ever come to think of it?'

Hardly able to conceal his loathing for the man, Eisuke turned to go, first reminding the boy:—

'Be sure to come early tomorrow. It's the dress rehearsal, you know, and the whole cast must be here on time."

III

Next day, even Fukuzumi was at the theater earlier than usual. The leading actor and all the rest of the cast had also arrived, with the exception of Senshi.

'This is the limit!' Fukuzumi ranted. 'For the dress rehearsal, too! Nobody but a twopenny actor would do it, but its what you can always expect of an underling.'

He speeded a messenger to Sennojo's house for the child, without whom the rehearsal could not proceed, and had the stage setting shifted for the second play on the program, in which the boy had no part.

Eisuke stood around in dejection, his high hopes beaten down.

'What do you suppose has happened?' he asked Fukuzumi. 'He couldn't have forgotten the time. I reminded him the last thing yesterday.'

'I can make a fairly good guess,' the director said. 'This is what happens occasionally when you give such a fellow an important part. It's always liable to get you into a fix.'

'You mean he wants more pay?'

'Probably. The man thinks that without his son there can be no show. Fellows like him are completely selfish and try to grab what they can while the grabbing's good.'

The messenger telephoned that he had found Senshi spinning a top in front of his home. His father would not let him go to the rehearsal, he said. Then the messenger went to the old man, who said he was sorry but wanted the boy excused. He would see the director in the evening, but meantime Senshi could not go to the theater. That was final!

'Oh, is that so?' Fukuzumi shouted into the telephone. 'Well, no matter how you do it, bring that child at once, and the father too. Sennojo has to be here tonight, anyway, but make them both come now. If he has anything to say, I'll listen to him.'

The rehearsal of the second play was about over when Sennojo appeared, but without Senshi.

'What are you trying to do, break up the show?' Fukuzumi thundered at him. 'Why didn't you send that brat of yours to the rehearsal? If he were sick or something, it couldn't be

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helped, but he's out on the street spinning a top. What are you trying to do?'

'No, no, master, you don't understand at all.'

'You think you can be very high and mighty about this play, don't you? The boy has an important part, and the play can't go on without him. You know that, don't you? Then how do you think it looks for you to keep him away from rehearsal at the last minute? We're going to do all we can for the boy. If the returns are good, he shall have his full share. But you are holding up the show before it even reaches the stage!'

'That's not fair, master! I never gave a thought to the pay.'

'Then what's wrong? Why don't you send the boy to the rehearsal? There should be no need to tell an old actor like you that the success of a play depends on the faithful work of many. What's your aim in spoiling it all for your own personal convenience?'

'You're absolutely right, of course, but please let my boy stay out of this one play.'

'Let him stay out?'

'Yes, please. Forgive me for being so stubborn, but I must insist that he stay out this once.'

'But what's wrong? If it isn't money, what's the fuss about? Any actor ought to be proud to play a part with long speeches like Senshi's. So why the grouching? Don't you want the boy to make a name for himself?'

'It's not that.'

'Did the author upset you?'

'No, no, he's been most kind.'

'Well, it's beyond me. You must be crazy, that's all.'

'Crazy? Maybe I am! These last few days I've been beside myself. Master, perhaps you'll think it a joke, but I do love my boy.'

'But that's ridiculous! To make him give up a good part because you love him! Why did you start him as a child actor in the first place?'

'It's all right for him to be an actor, but what I can't stand is this part. I and my wife won't put up with it any longer.'

'What's wrong with the part?'

'What's wrong? You know the saying that a seven-year-old boy's the most detestable creature in the world. Our boy's just seven, and he's a real little devil. He don't listen to nothing we say, and we can't do nothing with him. Then he gets this part of a stubborn boy that sasses his mother. What's worse, he's a stepchild that does everything contrary to what his parents say. That's in the play, of course, and can't be helped. Even *kabuki* plays have stepchildren, but in the old drama the talk and tone are so different that it's sort of taken out of real life. And the music helps to make it a world of its own. Now in this new piece, the child's character is all written out plain just as in real life. When my boy does it, he's just being himself! He ain't acting.

'You folks think such a play is great. Of course it is, even to an old fellow like me. When I see it, I say, "That's a stepchild all right." But I can't stand having my boy in the part. It's so real, it scares me. He never says, "Hai, all right," to his parents, no matter how often we call him, and whatever we tell him to do, he does just the opposite.

'That's bad enough, but Shimura-San's rehearsals is worse. He's young

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and don't think, but he goes too far. When the boy goes through his part, he tells him, "Don't say it like a part. Say it like you really meant it, just like you do at home all the time." It ain't play-acting at all. It's real life. He's gotten round the kid, too, buyin' him sweets and toys every day, so of course the boy don't mind. But we've had enough. The family can't stand it no longer. So please let him go. I love my son and don't want him to grow up like a stubborn stepchild.'

Listening to the old man, Fukuzumi gradually had fallen under the spell of his long speech. Why had he shouted at him without knowing what really was the matter? From the viewpoint of a parent, the old man's plea was not unreasonable. He loved the child, of course, and did not want him spoiled. But without Senshi, the play could not go on. No substitute could be trained at the eleventh hour. Somehow, by hook or by crook, he must prevail on the man to give in.

Eisuke, who knew nothing of the father's side of the story, was indignant. 'How in the name of *Konko Sama* can one put on a really artistic play with such carelessness in getting ready for it?' he protested.

Fukuzumi tried to calm him, promising that the child would be present the next day.

'Please don't be angry. It won't be easy to arrange, but I'm sure everything is going to be all right. After all, Sennojo is an actor, too. Theater traditions may well outweigh his more personal problem of parenthood.'

IV

The next day, Eisuke was earlier than usual, making the rounds of the dressing rooms for a last word of encouragement to the polite, but secretly amused professionals. At last he settled into an orchestra seat in front of the stage, the script in one hand and a pencil in the other, to wait for the curtain to go up. Beside him sat Fukuzumi, provokingly calm and optimistic.

At last, the curtain was rising slowly and smoothly on the first scene, with Senshi and his stepmother on the stage. It was superb, the young author thought. The way the boy was looking at the sweet, his eyes filled with longing and one finger in his mouth, was good, darned good! And the dialogue was far better than in rehearsals. It was strange what a difference it made even to a child actor to be actually behind footlights.

'Fine, fine!' Fukuzumi breathed to him. 'Isn't he great?'

Pride and joy swelled in Eisuke's heart. It was as though his own child were being praised. He had worked so hard to win the boy's affection and to teach him his part that he felt indeed like a father towards him, or at least an elder brother.

In the middle of a speech, he clicked his tongue.

'It's too tame! He ought to be more obstinate. That speech paves the way for all that follows, and if he doesn't bring out his character clearly there. . . .'

In the darkness of the auditorium, Eisuke wrote busily into the script some important last-minute directions, moistening the lead of his pencil from time to time with an eager tongue.

Behind a bit of scenery, motionless, a tea-cup in his hand, Sennojo awaited patiently the coming of his son.

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Persons and Personages

Malcolm MacDonald, Colonial Secretary

By Beverley Baxter

From *Pearson's Magazine*, London Popular Monthly

In May of this year there was a certain liveliness at Westminster. Mr. Chamberlain was in a dilemma, and all was not well on the Government Front. There had been three successive by-election defeats. Mr. Ormsby Gore, the Secretary for the Colonies, had been called to the House of Lords by Fate and in consequence resigned his office. There was the Colonial Office with its vexed problems of Palestine and the demand of Germany for the return of colonies. Where was the man who could face such a challenge with the confidence of Parliament and the public?

The choice was automatic. Thirty-seven-year-old Malcolm MacDonald, sometimes called the 'Boy Wonder of the Cabinet,' was given the job. Everyone breathed more easily. If ever there was a square peg for a square hole, it was this cheerful, diminutive thirty-seven-year-old bachelor who had made a success of the Dominions Office, pulled off the Anglo-Irish Agreement and was being mentioned as an ultimate Foreign Secretary.

In politics it has been well said that the impossible frequently happens and the inevitable seldom occurs. Malcolm MacDonald is an excellent example of that paradox. Let us turn back the calendar to August, 1914. A boy of thirteen, rather undersized and pale, gets on an omnibus. The Great War has just begun and life has become bewildering and as noisy as the riveting on a new building. Voices are raised in the bus, for the new comradeship has arrived and the shyness of the British race has gone with the wind.

'What do you make of this Ramsay MacDonald?' asks one man of another. 'He ought to be shot for a traitor,' is the reply.

There is an angry chorus of approval from the other passengers, women as well as men. The little boy shrinks into a corner. At the first opportunity he gets off and continues his journey on foot.

In London the MacDonalds lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and as a very small boy Malcolm went to the Passmore Edwards Kindergarten School in Tavistock Square. Afterwards he was entered as a pupil at the City of London School and would in all probability have remained there until the end of his school days had his mother lived. When Margaret

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MacDonald died, however, her husband was left with five children. The man who became four times Prime Minister of Britain was helpless. The world that he had built up came to pieces in his hands. He decided that the two boys must go to boarding-school, and as a result Alastair and Malcolm were despatched to Bedales in Hampshire.

Malcolm remained at the school from eleven years of age until he was eighteen, ending up as head boy. It must have been a harrowing time during the war years, but the headmaster was a man of great character, and apparently such persecution as might have been vented on the son of Ramsay MacDonald, the Pacifist, was circumvented.

From Bedales Malcolm MacDonald went to Queen's College, Oxford, to continue his studies. There he came under the influence of a man who probably had more effect upon his character than anyone else except his father. I refer to his tutor, Mr. Godfrey Elton, now Lord Elton. When he was tutor to Malcolm, he was an intellectual Socialist (as he still is) and was only a few years older than his pupil. There sprang up between them a mutual regard and affection which has survived to this day. They share a common enthusiasm for reading, politics, old furniture, glass, pewter, first editions and historic documents.

It was during the latter part of his stay at Oxford that Malcolm MacDonald was given an opportunity of entering the political arena. At the general election of 1923 the Labour Party wanted a candidate to oppose Sir Ellis Hume Williams in the Bassetlaw Division of Notts. The pocket-edition Socialist tackled the elegant barrister without success, although it was a period when the incoming tide was strong for the Socialists. In the following year he fought the Division again, but the tide was going out by that time and Malcolm, with many other Socialists, was carried to the deep waters of oblivion. These were the first of many discouragements which were to mark his political progress.

When he was finished at Oxford, Malcolm MacDonald was given a job on a weekly periodical. The young man showed himself a competent journalist. He did interviews, articles, personal paragraphs, travel series, industrial reviews, and an occasional life-story of some prominent man or woman. Looking back upon those days Malcolm claims that he most enjoyed writing an article entitled, *Has Jazz Come to Stay?* He took the affirmative in this serious question and claims that he had the gift of prophecy upon him in doing so.

Just as he was settling down to a life in Fleet Street an invitation came to him to join an Oxford University Debating Team about to set out on a world trip. Thus he had to take a choice between reasonable security and an adventure which would undoubtedly add riches to his mind but at the end would leave him once more confronted with the problem of making a career. He did not hesitate. He went abroad on

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tours, and in many countries and on many platforms he debated the political situation of the day.

Naturally he took up the cudgels on behalf of his father's Party. Not long after his return in the year 1929 he once more stormed Bassetlaw. That was the year when the Conservative Party suffered its most damaging defeat, but this time the Socialist victors included Malcolm MacDonald, returned by a substantial majority.

The election was an historic triumph for the MacDonald clan, but it was to be short-lived. Malcolm was supporting the Government of which his father was the Prime Minister. It was the hectic Parliament of 1929 to 1931. Storm clouds were gathering over the world. The threat of economic collapse became a reality. The Labour Government, maintained in office by the querulous loyalty of the Liberals, staggered towards its collapse. At last in the fateful August of 1931 the Government resigned. There was an incredible change-over and Ramsay MacDonald assumed his third Premiership as head of the first emergency National Government.

Once more there was an election, and Malcolm MacDonald fought Bassetlaw as a National Labour candidate. The sweep across the country in favor of the National Government almost annihilated both the Liberals and Socialists who remained in opposition. When the deluge was over and the new Ministry formed, young Malcolm was rewarded with the appointment of Under-Secretary to the Dominions Office. There was some reason for the grumblings among the Tories. There was no personal hostility to Malcolm MacDonald, but, among those who had spent their lives propagating the gospel of Empire, it was not pleasant to see the son of Ramsay MacDonald at the Dominions Office even in a subordinate position.

The new Under-Secretary did fairly well. He answered questions in the House with coolness and with clearness. It would be wrong to say that he was an outstanding success. He was competent and nothing more.

Then came the decline of his father. The man who had created the very soul of the Labour Party and had founded the National Government had lost the art of leadership and public speech. He resigned and handed over the reins to Stanley Baldwin. In the reshuffle Malcolm MacDonald was made a Cabinet Minister—Secretary of State for the Colonies. There were mutterings. A deposed king has few friends, and the son of a deposed king even fewer. People said it smacked of a deal and that the appointment of Malcolm was the price of Ramsay's resignation. But the criticisms were forgotten in the election of 1935 when Mr. Baldwin once more led his forces to the country. This time the Tories swept the board, but their allies were not so successful. Ramsay MacDonald was defeated by an immense majority at Seaham Harbour; Malcolm lost Bassetlaw.

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Parliament re-assembled in all the high spirits of a great victory for the Government, but the two MacDonalds could not even set foot on the floor of the House. They were both Cabinet Ministers, but neither of them were members of Parliament—and yet men still give their hearts to that cruel mistress, Politics!

In the end the father was given a Scottish University's representation. Malcolm went to Ross and Cromarty and fought a by-election in which his principal opponent was Mr. Randolph Churchill. It was a fierce fight and when Malcolm was declared the winner he celebrated it by walking once round the room on his hands. Faced with this, Randolph Churchill emulated Wolfe of Quebec by saying, 'I would rather be able to do that than win Ross and Cromarty.'

So the Secretary of State for the Dominions came back to Parliament and resumed his task. He showed no perturbation when his first appearance inspired mild cheers from the Government and contemptuous jeers from his old friends, the Opposition. Months went by and a rumor began to spread that Malcolm was doing his job well. Visiting Prime Ministers from the Dominions sang his praises. They liked him. They found him constructive.

When finally Malcolm came to the House after the announcement of the signing of the Treaty with Ireland he received a tribute from all parties—from his colleagues who had doubted him and from the Labour Party whose hatred for the father had extended to the son. There are times when the passions of Parliamentary debate and the rigors of political fortune can make Westminster a veritable Heartbreak House. And there are times when the spontaneous spirit of generosity warms the heart and dignifies the whole spirit of our public life.

Malcolm MacDonald does not tower over the despatch box when he speaks, but he stands high in the estimation of the House. His success has not been one of genius. Nor has it been achieved by a superb seizing of an unexpected moment when by a brilliant adroitness one can sometimes secure a glittering prize. No. His achievement has been built solidly on character. He did not lose faith when his father was scorned by men, although his youthful sensitiveness must have suffered unbearable agonies. Somewhere in the soul of Malcolm MacDonald there is a flame which radiates his whole personality. His smile is genuine, his sense of justice deeply ingrained, his contempt for calumny as great as his belief in the final decency of human nature. And like so many men who are sensitive and who have suffered, he has been given the compensation of a rich vein of humor.

I wish that Ramsay MacDonald had lived to see the triumph of his son. He never doubted it would come any more than Malcolm doubted that his father would some day be the political head of the nation.

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Venezuela's New Dealer

From the *Latin-American World*, London Commercial Monthly

FOR close on to thirty long and weary years Venezuela's 3,200,000 people were denied any opportunity to participate in the political activity of the nation; Juan Vicente Gómez, mail-fisted Tyrant of the Andes, saw to that. This conceited and power-mad despot, an illegitimate and illiterate son of the Andean hinterlands, literally fought his way to power in the early years of the present century, and his grip on the nation never relaxed until death brought an end to his reign of oppression and bestial terror.

For those thirty years politics were forbidden—by brute force. Congress was filled with timid yes-men; the key positions in the State were held down by Gómez's illegitimate clan (he had over one hundred children by as many women); and the minor posts were given to the very few men whom he could trust. *L'État, c'est moi*, a French monarch once declared in a moment of exultation. Gómez, who had never heard of his kingship and had the vaguest ideas about countries outside his own anyway, made that saying true, with a vengeance. Anyone who ventured to disagree with him was either murdered, imprisoned and tortured, or forced to flee the country.

Outside of Venezuela the old tyrant was spoken of as the benefactor of his country, the darling of his people; but the only people he ever benefited were the holders of Venezuela's bonds, the exploiters of the country's oil resources. For Juan Vicente paid off the foreign debt and granted rich concessions—at a price, since he died worth £20,000,000. His propagandists and apologists outside Venezuela were active, too, so that few people ever suspected what really was going on in the State which he so ruthlessly misgoverned.

But in December, 1935, Gómez surprised and delighted Venezuela by dying; the people had come to believe that Gómez was incapable of anything quite so human. And only then did the whole story come out.

The world looked on with interest. Venezuela was about to provide the answer to the question: what happens to a nation when its dictator dies? And Venezuela has answered it in the most unexpected fashion.

The prophets have been confounded. They had expected that with the loosening of the grip of the tyrant, the Russian revolution would be repeated in South America. For, they said, the Venezuelans could now, for the first time in decades, say what they wished, write what they wished and hope for what they thought they wished; and those wishes, unless satisfied, meant trouble.

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But they had reckoned without the stabilizing influence of the outstanding figure in Venezuela: General Eleazar López Contreras, the Minister of War in the despot's last Cabinet, who was nominated by Gómez on his deathbed as his successor. The dictator, victorious in life, had been defeated in death. He had hoped that he would found a 'Presidential dynasty;' that at least one of his many sons would prove worthy to carry on the tradition. But they all failed him, and while his mistresses, his sons and his henchmen argued outside his death chamber as to who should succeed him, Gómez, a bitterly disappointed man, made López Contreras Vice-President. Automatically on the old man's death, the ex-War Minister became provisional President, and within a few months, following the first honest election in the State for a quarter of a century, he was confirmed as full-fledged President.

Despite the Gómez taint, López Contreras was popular with all elements in the country. Middle-aged, well-born and well-married, he had been a soldier all his life, a loyal soldier without time for social or political philosophies; he had a job to do, and he did it. In the last decade, the army, which he reorganized completely, had been his sole preoccupation, and many of his friends insisted that he was no politician.

Contreras made himself popular from the first. With the army in his control he could easily have set himself up in Gómez's boots, followed the traditional 'jobs for pals' strategy and carried Venezuela along the well-worn path of least resistance. Instead, he declared that he would respect the Constitution and announced that elections would take place. He won those elections, the straightest elections ever held in South America.

Once in office the new President cleaned out what remained of the old gang. He reacted completely against the old régime. For his first Cabinet he chose men who had for years opposed Gómez, but the qualification which won them a portfolio was ability alone; and there were plenty of able men who had hated the dictator.

His program in the beginning was one of appeasement. Trade unions were allowed to organize, somewhat amorphous political parties began to appear, women's movements emerged and youth began to form its leagues. Various constitutional reforms were put through by the President, one of which curtailed his own term of office, and social reforms were put through with a minimum of delay and a maximum of rejoicing. Everyone in Venezuela, from top to bottom, benefited by the President's policy of conciliation.

For the first time in a hundred years Venezuela has a President who rules constitutionally and rules wisely. What has worried Venezuelans is whether he can continue to do so. They insist that he tries to please too many people, that some day he will fall between the two stools of the Right and the Left.

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To date General López Contreras has held the balance well. His Three-Year Plan, a tremendous program of public works and social reform announced a few months ago, has had a warm reception on both sides. Everything points to a successful conclusion to a memorable term of office. The President's popularity has, if anything, been enhanced since the halcyon days that followed the death of his unlamented predecessor.

He has vowed time and again that he will retire when his term of office is over, and his sincerity is proverbial. Even if his grandiose Three-Year Plan is not completed when that times comes, his collaboration with his successor for the good of his country is a foregone conclusion. For General Eleazar López Contreras, the man who could have made himself life-dictator of Venezuela, is a patriot.

Oswald Pirow

By Edmond Demaître

Translated from *El Nacional*, Official Organ of the Party of the Mexican Revolution

WHITEHALL has been more amused than diplomatically embarrassed by a sweeping pronouncement, on the question of the return to Germany of her pre-War colonies, made by an irrepressible statesman, Oswald Pirow, the Minister of Defense of the Union of South Africa.

While responsibility for the bull by this dominion official was somewhat humorously disclaimed by Prime Minister Baldwin, it had reverberations in England, Australia, New Zealand, France, Belgium and Portugal. Herewith is its text:—

'The ruling class of Great Britain agrees with me that there can be no permanent base for arriving at a peaceful agreement with Germany other than compensating the Germans for the loss of their colonies. This compensation can only be in Africa. I can state that the authorities agree with me that the coöperation of Germany in Africa is of vital importance in maintaining the domination of the white race on the African continent.'

This declaration was the culmination of a campaign conducted by Mr. Pirow. It followed his statement of the year before to the effect that: 'I shall look forward with pleasure to the return of the Germans to Africa, since the Nazis are the only ones who know how to treat the natives.'

Who is Oswald Pirow?

He started his career as one of the leaders of the Republican Party of Transvaal. In 1929 he formed part of the Government of General Hert-

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zog, in which he was the youngest member of the Cabinet. Later, he was named Minister of Railways and Harbors; in this post he fully demonstrated his ability as an organizer. At that time the finances of the State railways and harbors were in a wretched condition. Pirow reorganized the system and ended by converting the almost traditional deficit into a surplus. He expected and got a promotion. Pirow became Minister of National Defense.

An excellent orator and political strategist, he is today one of the outstanding personalities in South Africa. Like Hore-Belisha in England, he knows the value of publicity. He pilots his own airplane and drives his own automobile. Once, hearing that a demonstration of natives was to occur in Durban, he flew there, put himself at the head of the police and was the first to attack the natives with tear-bombs, which dispersed the meeting. When the public tired of hearing of this feat, of the lions he had killed and other exploits, his interests turned to international politics. Presumably this prompted the foregoing statement. Pirow tried to justify it by declaring that all he meant was that it was just and proper for the Powers who had territory in Africa to return part of it to Germany. It was inferred he was speaking specifically of Angola and of the Cameroons.

At present, Pirow is more reserved in his pro-German sympathies, and devotes most of his energies to the improvement of South African defense. This desire to defend the nation, combined with his friendly attitude to the Wilhelmstrasse, has led to the question, 'What does Pirow really want?'

A distinguished South African ex-Minister has given this reply: 'The answer is simple. Our Minister of National Defense is very ambitious, and his greatest desire is to become Prime Minister. With this object in view, he is riding two horses at the same time. In order to gain the votes of the Boers, he defends the demands of Germany and the theory of the "black peril." In order to gain British votes and to give proof of his loyalty to England, he is advancing the organization of national defense and the creation of a South African war industry.'

Whatever the ambitions of Pirow may be, he has contributed materially to the defense of the Union. He improved the Iseor Works, which are the foundation of a gigantic metallurgic industry. As a result of his energy, many South Africans believe that the foundries of this region will soon become the center of the British armaments industry. One should not forget, they insist, that politically South Africa is safer than Ireland and, strategically, safer than England. However, the majority of persons with whom I spoke assured me that the only object of the reorganization of the Army and the creation of an independent armaments industry is to protect the Union of South Africa against possible attack.

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A British economist discourages the idea that democracies have all the economic advantages on their side.

Time *and the* Dictators

By ECONOMIST

From the *Contemporary Review*
London Topical Monthly

IN a world dumbfounded by the continued success of aggressors, some comfort has been derived by many people from two arguments. It is said, first, that the mounting ambitions of the dictators are mutually incompatible and must sooner or later bring them into collision. Secondly, it is believed that the wanton expenditure on wars of conquest and preparation for future aggrandizement must cripple the economic systems of the dictatorships and evoke internal opposition. From this it is argued that time works on the side of the democratic countries, whose economic systems are in any case thought to be both more powerful and more stable. Therefore, the argument goes on, the democratic countries should refrain from taking any action which would precipitate armed conflict. An attempt will be made in this article to show that the real sacrifice imposed on the population of the totalitarian States by rearmament and economic self-sufficiency is very much less than is commonly supposed; that there are cogent reasons for believing that the economic difficulties they have experienced are beginning to diminish and—if Nature does not come to the rescue of the democracies in the shape of severe crop failures—are likely to diminish further; that, therefore, unless the coördination of national and international economic policies of the democratic countries achieves signal success, the democracies are likely to lose rather than gain ground, even in the economic sphere.

The economic argument is based on the thesis that the production of armaments, the maintenance of great standing armies and military expeditions abroad are sterile. It follows, the argument goes on, that the real cost of rearmament consists in the curtailment of other, economically valuable production—and thus consumption. The consequences of this preference for guns rather than butter are aggravated by the determination of the dictatorships to render them-

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selves economically independent of foreign supplies. Considering the enormous effort which these countries have made militarily and the waste resulting from their insistence on producing substitutes at a fantastic cost of labor instead of concentrating on the production of commodities which they are especially fitted for, the fall in the standard of living must become increasingly intolerable. This argument is formally unassailable. Unfortunately it is based on certain assumptions which render its application impossible without vital quantitative qualification.

II

A considerable—and increasing—part of productive resources, both labor and capital, is devoted in modern communities to the service not of immediate consumption but either to the purpose of preparing for a future expansion in the capacity to produce, or to produce goods whose services are consumed over a longer period of time (like houses)—*i.e.* capital goods. In a depression, no matter how it started, it is this part of production that is mainly discontinued. Both the German and the Italian economic systems were very far from working at full capacity when rearmament was decided upon. Therefore it is fallacious to say that the *whole* cost of rearmament has been borne by the population of these countries being deprived of part of their former real income. The actual figures show that an impressive reserve of productive power was available in Italy and even more so in Germany. The reëmployment of this reserve of productive power could go far in making good any losses in real income entailed by the increase in costs due to economic nationalism, and support a rearmament program far in excess of anything contemplated in the democratic countries. In Germany employment rose from an average of 12½ millions in 1932 to over 19 millions in 1937—*i.e.* more than 50 per cent. In Italy, the expansion was only slightly less.

Some indication of the importance of this accession in productive power is given by the reflection that employment in England in the same period rose less than 25 per cent. British national income increased by well over 1,200 million pounds, or more than 35 per cent. At least part of the increase was allowed in Germany to raise the standard of life, in comparison to the bottom of the depression (though in distinction from England it still is well below 1928), the output of consumption goods increasing by over 33 per cent. This revision of the popular thesis is unquestionably the most decisive. There are, however, several other, though individually less important, factors, whose cumulative influence must not be disregarded.

The control of all trade and financial transactions with foreign countries was an additional expedient in the dictatorships, especially in Germany, to shift the burden from the shoulders of their own populations. In 1934, there was a considerable import surplus, and since the inauguration of Dr. Schacht's new plan, the export surplus reappeared at a heavily reduced level. The fall of the export surplus which reflects the progressive default on the foreign debt freed considerable productive resources for rearmament. Part of the burden was

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thus shifted on to the foreign creditors and Jews who desired to export their capital. In the period of acute congestion of the commodity markets, especially in 1933 and 1934, this enabled Germany not only to obtain exceptionally favorable prices, but through clever working of the clearing agreements also involuntary commercial credits. She then forced the distracted creditor to accept at favorable prices such German produce as she could most easily spare. During those years, Germany almost succeeded in transforming her foreign trade relations into monopoly buying and selling.

Under a free individualist system the increase in employment and national income consequent on rearmament would have spontaneously resulted in an increase in consumption and in imports. The totalitarian countries could not afford to permit either, as they were unable to pay for any but the most vital imports because their productive resources were needed for rearmament work and could not be spared to increase their exports. The exchange control thus changed from an emergency measure to safeguard the currency into the most important single instrument of control of the whole economic system. These regulations entail an enormous waste because of the inevitable red tape; no doubt there are also many loopholes and abuses. But the control enabled the economic system to work almost continuously at full capacity irrespective of the state of trade elsewhere.

III

To achieve rearmament it was necessary to limit an increase of consumption, for otherwise labor and capital would have been absorbed not only by the output of consumption goods but also by the extension of these industries. A collective saving was thus enforced on the community. On the one hand, wages were fixed. On the other, an increase of dividends above a certain level was also forbidden. Profits above that level had to be surrendered to the Government against its obligations. Taxation was increased: the German tax revenue seems to have doubled during the period, quite apart from the unofficial but very effectively enforced contributions for charity, to finance both exports and the Four-Year Plan, which entailed uneconomic investment. In Italy, taxes also increased and a capital levy was decreed. Control was extended on the capital market. Security issues, establishment of new companies and the extension of plant was made contingent upon government permission. The import of luxuries was completely prohibited. This meant discrimination against the more prosperous who otherwise could have afforded to satisfy their demands. All these measures were forced on the Fascist States step by step by the trend of events. They resulted in a more equalitarian distribution not so much of the national income as of current consumption. The upper classes were not deprived of their capital, but were forced to abstain from certain kinds of consumption and to invest their savings in Government securities and state-planned enterprises the eventual value and earning power of which is problematical.

In consequence the material satisfaction of the population has been supplemented by the feeling of na-

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tional military security (however irrational the fear of French or Russian aggression may have been) and individual economic security as a member of the *Volksgemeinschaft*, of the 'community,' which, in effect, has 'abolished unemployment.' At the same time the relative fall in the material satisfaction of needs, as compared with, say, 1928, was much less and better distributed than commonly supposed. Therefore it seems vain to hope for an internal revulsion of feelings on account of *economic* grievances alone. It is futile to point out that these results and much more could have been achieved with less risk of an eventual catastrophe had the democratic individualist systems not been destroyed.

An analysis of the prospects is even more disturbing. In the last six years England has experienced a phenomenal prosperity. Since 1935–36 a fraction of the increase of the national income has been devoted to armaments. The period of cumulative expansion seems now ended, and in the absence of very powerful external stimuli or government intervention it is difficult to discern any strong internal factor which would re-create expansion.

The totalitarian States, on the contrary, have cogent reasons to look forward with some confidence to the economic future, provided unprecedented crop failure does not suddenly increase their import requirements. The successful aggressions in Spain and Austria not only provide very useful sources of raw materials and foreign exchange, but also increase the economic and financial bargaining power of Germany and, to a much less degree, of Italy. They are now able to throw some of the burden of their rearmament on to the unfortunate Spanish population, which has to supply raw materials and foodstuffs in exchange for the arms which the dictators provide for their destruction and subjugation. It is undoubtedly true that Franco, if he wins, could get economic help from Paris and London at much less political cost than from his erstwhile friends and protectors. The problem is whether he will be at liberty to choose. The extent of economic concessions which he has already been forced to make is unknown, but must be very substantial.

IV

From an economic point of view it is certainly fallacious to assume that methods of reconstruction and rearmament which were applied in Germany cannot at equal and better advantage for the dictators be applied in Spain. If the country is poorer, savings can be enforced more ruthlessly on the subjugated population in the shape of convict labor at low cost. It is being tried out in the northern provinces under foreign leadership and will presumably be extended to Catalonia, if the opportunity presents itself.

Germany has recently acquired the solid gold reserve of Austria and the foreign assets of Austrians that could not get away in time. The loot will certainly reach 40 million pounds. It may amount to as much as 70 million pounds. For a country like Germany, whose export surplus does not amount to more—the mark taken at its fictitious par—this is no mean achievement. No doubt much of the tourist

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traffic and entrepôt trade of Vienna which was an important source of foreign exchange has been destroyed. But the confiscation of Jewish, Hapsburg and other capital assets will go some way to relieve the rest of the population from the consequences. There are as yet no exact figures on the Czechoslovakian spoils.

The economic power of Greater Germany in Central Europe has become overwhelming. Most of the countries in the Danube basin and the Balkans send over 40 per cent of their total exports to Germany and are Germany's heavy commercial creditors (the Hungarians alone with some 60 million pengoes). This enables her to enforce even greater supplies and to change in her favor the terms at which she exchanges her produce for raw materials and foodstuffs. If world demand for commodities should again shrink as a result of renewed depression in the democratic countries, this power would be all but unlimited. Her own population would thus further be relieved.

Nor must it be forgotten that in the first years of rearmament vast resources were absorbed by the establishment of armaments factories and other military buildings. If no further extension becomes necessary as a result of similar expansion in England and France (and present output capacity in Germany is certainly very much greater) capital and labor will be free to work for an increase of the standard of life (or a further increase of actual armaments output).

The hopes based on an early economic breakdown of Germany and even of Italy seem rather spurious on closer investigation, and no complacency is justified on account of their reputed relative economic weakness. The potential strength of the democracies, certainly, is far superior and their basic position is much more stable.

Their accumulated reserves permit them to draw freely upon the productive capacity of the entire outside world. The stringent regulations of production and consumption, the sacrifice of their material progress is superfluous even if they decide to match the military efforts of the totalitarian countries. They are able to maintain economic liberty. But it would be a mistake to suppose that that liberty of action of the individual in itself insures superiority of the community. On the contrary, it renders the task of those who are responsible for the management of economic and financial policies far more complicated.

There is no necessity for the authoritarian countries to steal a march on us continuously. But only a far-seeing internal social, economic and monetary policy, an international coöperation weakening the hold of Germany on the smaller members of a community of pacific nations by the provision, even at a sacrifice, of financial assistance and profitable markets, will insure the reëstablishment and maintenance of such superiority of force against any combination of aggressors as will stifle any further threats to peace.

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About the origins of anti-Semitism in Eastern Europe; and the devastation it has wrought in German science.

The Unwanted Jew

I. The Jew in Central Europe

By Georges Oudard

Translated from *Revue de Paris*, Paris Political and Literary Monthly

THE first question a traveler stopping today at the Hungarian border will be asked by the customs official is one regarding his religion. This formality, previously overlooked, was first established by Hungary immediately following Austria's annexation to the Reich. It is but another proof of what is already too well known, namely, that Germany is today the greatest Power in the heart of Central Europe. Not only her influence, but also her ideas expand and flourish with extraordinary swiftness. In consequence, there is a new consciousness of the problem of anti-Semitism.

How could it be otherwise? The problem is constantly present in every-day conversation. The papers are full of it. As soon as you are introduced to anyone, your first concern, in order to avoid embarrassment, is to find out discreetly whether your interlocutor is a Jew or not. The thing becomes an obsession—so much so that it has become an idle, but significant, custom as one travels in the street cars and buses to try to find out to what race your chance neighbor belongs. Little by little, without being overly proud of it, you begin to be grateful to the fate that has caused you to be born on the right side; at least, it saves you many annoyances.

The progress made by National Socialism in these regions is due less to its highly advertised struggle against Bolshevism than to that which it carries on against Jewry. Actually, there is no immediate Bolshevist danger in the States of Central and Eastern Europe. The Communist Party, outside of what remains of Czechoslovakia, has practically ceased to exist. Its underground work presents no real threat to the Government, except perhaps in Poland, where the working masses are definitely opposed to the régime. The truth is that active revolutionaries in these States no longer belong to the extreme Left; extreme Right parties, like those led by Codreanu in Rumania and Szalassy in Hungary, are much more of a men-

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ace. Germany's dynamism, being victorious, exerts more influence on the masses than that of the U.S.S.R.

It was an Aryan leader of a great anti-Nazi Hungarian party who told me emphatically that anti-Semitism is nothing but a disguised form of anti-capitalism. The expropriated capital happened to belong to the Jews, but if it had belonged to pure-blooded Aryans, it still would have been taken away.' What happened in Austria and what will probably happen in the Sudeten territories is proof of this contention. The rich Jews were despoiled of their fortunes in the name of racial principles; the genuine Aryans suffered the same fate because they were accused of having subversive ideas. The pretexts were different but the effect was the same. In Rumania, during the ephemeral anti-Semitic régime of the late M. Goga, Moldavian peasants, after pillaging Jewish stores, proceeded to 'occupy' castles that belonged to purely orthodox noble families. As a Viennese worker told me: 'We didn't mind their despoiling the Jews and the rich, but all the spoils went back to Germany and we saw nothing of them.'

But nobody will profit by the lesson. Zealous propagandists are already today tackling the Hungarian peasant, who lives in dreadful poverty. They point out to him the houses of rich men, many of whom are Jewish. In order to fight against the efforts of these demagogues, the Budapest Government has embarked upon necessary reforms, which already have been delayed for too long. But not all promises can be fulfilled, and the Nazis may win another victory. It is interesting to note that a program such as that of Szalassy, which is so popular, does not vary essentially from that of the Government that he is fighting. Both of them are for revisionism, which is an article of faith for all patriotic Hungarians; the present Government would be more certain to carry out the proposed agrarian reforms than the Nazis would. There remains anti-Semitism, which is not a new problem in Hungary nor in any other States of Central Europe, where the Jews play such a significant rôle in banking, commerce and industry, not to mention the liberal professions. In Hungary, besides, they own a disproportionate amount of land. From the beginning of the depression, this discrepancy between their numbers and possessions bred an increasing anger and envy among the youth, particularly the unemployed.

Several measures have since been taken to remedy the situation. The Jew, for example, has been excluded from administrative posts. A *numerus clausus* law, which limits the number of non-Aryan students to 10 per cent has been promulgated and then replaced by a selective system that actually benefited the Christian population very little. These measures, admittedly only palliatives, were succeeded by a more decisive one, limiting the number of Jews in all branches of business.

Obviously, in the present state of things a law of this magnitude can only be applied with the maximum of caution and the minimum of haste, to avoid immediate bankruptcy of Hungarian economy. This slow procedure, however, is not to the taste of Germany, which does not want to annex Hungary, but rather wishes to make an economic and military vassal of her. Under the clearing agreement existing between the two States, the

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Reich cannot absorb all Hungary's agricultural products, without importing an equal amount of industrial products in exchange. Therefore, it is in her interest to weaken Hungarian industry. Since industry is largely in the hands of the Jews, the *numerus clausus* law, if incautiously enforced, would accelerate its destruction. The Hungarian Nazis are sacrificing national to foreign interests in the name of a common ideology when they proclaim in Parliament that the existing laws are not enough and that they want a radical solution based upon racial principles.

II

What is this impeccable racial principle? The naïve men who believe that racism has no other object except to protect the German or Magyar race against all contamination would not long keep this illusion after investigation into racial legislation. The application of the Nuremberg Laws, according to which one's race is determined by the status of one's grandparents, has resulted in a host of absurd situations in Central Europe. The letter constantly refuses to agree with the spirit of the law. Sometimes the legislator sees the Jew as a heterogeneous element incapable of ever being assimilated by the nation that has given him refuge. Sometimes, he holds the Jew capable of assimilation by the mere virtue of baptism, and does not bother about race.

I cite the case of a Viennese woman fifty per cent Jewish, mistress of an important Nazi, to whom in 1934 she gave refuge. A decree made her 'Aryan of honor.' In Hungary a Jew, who has been converted to Catholicism or another Christian religion before August 1, 1919, is considered an Aryan. This date has not been chosen at random. After the fall of the Béla Kun régime, a host of his co-religionists hastened to assume the Christian faith. The widows of Jewish veterans as well as Jewish war orphans are Aryan in the eyes of the law. But the children of the latter lose that privilege, which is not hereditary, and reënter the ranks of Jewry. Better still, if a Catholic of purely Aryan origin has become a Protestant after August 1, 1919, he is declared to be a Jew. I know a son of a Hungarian count who in 1923 married a Jewess who was baptized after the fateful date. According to the latest decree, he has become a Jew, while the son of two full-blooded Jews baptized before that date are held to be Aryan.

In Rumania, during the Goga Ministry, an attempt was made to distinguish between Jews of long established residence in that country and those who had entered it after 1919. Immediately the legislation encountered insuperable practical difficulties. Many people did not know the birthplace of their grandparents and didn't remember the name that was theirs under the Turkish domination. Archives have disappeared. If the régime had continued, the authorities would have had to decide at random who was Aryan and who was Jew; and this will be the same in all the Balkan countries, and in Poland and Czechoslovakia, or wherever the doctrine of anti-Semitism may be carried out.

When the Nazis tell you that in a year there will not remain a single Jew in Germany, it is hard not to smile. They may eliminate all the Jews whose race has been decided, but at the present moment in Austria alone one

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can roughly estimate at 900,000 the number of persons who, strictly speaking, have no right to be called Aryan.

To speak about race after this is an insult to one's intelligence. The racial theory is quite impracticable and can be only used as a synonym for anti-Semitism, which is a much less pretentious and convenient word. Deprived of its racial trappings, anti-Semitism as it exists in the East of Europe is purely of economic origin. The Jews owe their preponderance in industry and commerce to the economic conditions prevailing in the nineteenth century. In Central European countries like Hungary, where the nobility was a large part of the population, contempt for commerce and industry went hand in hand with extravagant living. These neglected fields were left open to the Jew, who had only to pick up the money that was virtually thrown out of the windows. 'While we danced, they worked,' an old noblewoman from Warsaw told me. 'Today we have to work for our livelihood and they can dance.' In Rumania it was the peasant who disliked and neglected trade. In Bohemia, however, no such prejudices existed and, as a result, there was a much more equitable distribution of commerce among Jews and Christians.

III

Today, however, the young Pole, the young Hungarian, the young Rumanian and their neighbors have discarded their ancestors' prejudices. Their ideas have advanced and the last crumbs of ancient fortunes, joyfully squandered, have disappeared. Somehow, they have to live. Contempt for trade, industry and banking is gone, but now they find that most of the good places have already been taken. For this reason, the young Hungarian is today ravished by Hitlerian theories. The Jew is seen by the youth as the only, or at least, the principal culprit. It is no use arguing that he cannot be held responsible for the changes that have taken place in the world, or the world depression. A scapegoat is needed and the Jew shares that doubtful honor with the makers of the Trianon Treaty. The young Hungarians of the higher and middle class are convinced that life would be much easier for them in a Hungary whose lost territories have been returned. But before this ardently awaited hour arrives, they must live somehow. They cannot get jobs without displacing the Jew, who for that reason is public enemy number one.

Consider, too, his character. The Jew is much more affable, of a more cosmopolitan spirit, and his patriotism lacks the rabid quality that is so prevalent in these regions. He speaks all the Western languages easily and fluently. He is open to criticism. He is the one to tell those amusing anecdotes that poke fun at the excesses of governments, dictatorial or otherwise. For this reason, he will probably tell you more about things as they really are beneath the surface than his Aryan fellow citizen, who would have a tendency to hide the worst sides of his country. It is logical that the latter should be irritated at the attitude of these intelligent and unconventional gossips.

This does not mean that the Jew lacks patriotism. In Central Europe, if he belongs to a well-to-do social class, he is almost always a conserva-

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tive with a liking for strong, anti-Communist governments. One Budapest journalist, who does not attempt to hide his race, told me: 'There is no Jew here with good common sense who did not regret Léon Blum's coming to power.'

And a big Rumanian industrialist of the same race told me: 'I want to be treated like any other Rumanian citizen. I have a right to it, since my family has lived in Bucharest for more than seventy years. But I would not object against a law that would, for example, forbid Jews to mingle in politics. We are incapable of running a country. It is not that we are lacking in patriotism, but rather in national instinct. Besides, we are only a minority. But I do object when M. Goga or M. Cuza forbid me to have in my employ a woman servant less than forty years old (such a decree has actually been promulgated in Bucharest at the beginning of this year). I don't mind being limited in the fields of commerce and industry, but I do mind liberal professions being closed to us.'

A member of a preceding Hungarian Government, especially interested in the Jewish question, told me: 'I am not a savage anti-Semite and do not approve of what is happening in Vienna. I do believe that the State should control to some extent the wealth of the Jews because, without mincing words, I have not much confidence in their patriotism. If you remember, before Hitler's coming to power, our own good Jews were pushing us into the arms of Berlin. Now, naturally, they are transformed into the most violent opponents of such an entente, because the new Chief of its Government is anti-Semitic. I understand and excuse their legitimate disgust and rage, but you will recognize that I have some reason for believing that, unconsciously, they are reasoning as Jews and not as Hungarians.'

Racism, or anti-Semitism, seems to an objective observer a doctrine least suited to solve the Jewish question. The day approaches when other States will refuse to give access to Jewish émigrés in their territory. Then Germany and the countries that imitate her will have to face one of two solutions: either to exterminate them, in the literal sense of the word, or to assimilate them. Unless humanity disintegrates into a complete state of barbarism, they will have to embrace the second solution, willingly or otherwise. The laws aiming at eliminating the Jew or isolating him from the rest of the population are on the wrong road, because only laws that provide for his progressive assimilation can ultimately solve a problem of such great significance for the greater part of Europe.

II. Aryan Science

By E. J. Gumbel

Translated from *Freie Wissenschaft*, Sebastian Brant Verlag

THE mass dismissals by the National Socialists of German scientists have greatly decreased the importance of many German universities. Somehow Nazi ideology had to justify this process. The campaign against science

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had to be represented as the victory of the superior principle over a weak and rotting system. In many fields of knowledge 'proof' was very simple. In the case of the pure natural sciences, however, the complexity of the thought processes involved is so great, that the National Socialist authors themselves must be cited at length.

The outstanding representatives of National Socialist physics are Philipp Lenard, Professor Emeritus at Heidelberg University, and Johannes Stark, President of the Reich Physico-Technical Institution. Both are Nobel Prize winners, and even under the Republic they were convinced Nazis who did not conceal their views. Lenard's *German Physics* appeared in 1936 and the preface of the work, which is dedicated to Herr Frick, Minister of the Interior, contains the following passage:—

> 'German Physics?' one may well ask. I might as well have said Aryan physics or physics of Nordic man, physics of the probers of realities, the searchers after truth; physics of those who have produced natural science, physics founded in race and blood. . . . Research in natural science has never even been attempted by any people, except on the fertile soil of already existing achievements by Aryans. . . . No Negro physics have ever been known; on the other hand, a peculiar physics of the Jews has been widely developed. . . .
>
> It is important to examine the physics of the Jewish people at some length. . . . To characterize it briefly, one may perhaps best and most fairly point to the work of its most eminent representative, the full-blooded Jew, A. Einstein. His *Theory of Relativity* sought to transform and dominate the entire field of physics. Actually it is today completely played out. Indeed, it probably was never intended to be true; for the Jews are conspicuously lacking in any disposition toward truth. They seek after little more than a merely apparent agreement with actuality, as it exists independently of human thought—in contrast to the limitless and conscientious will for truth of Aryan researchers. . . . To the Jews, peculiarly, truth and reality do not appear to be something special, something different from untruth—but merely one of many possible different methods of thought existing at any given time. Obviously, this must result in complete unfitness for research in natural science. This unfitness, however, was covered up by means of clever tricks in calculation; and the unrestrained brazenness which is peculiar to Jews, together with the shrewd collaboration of the entire Jewish group, made possible the great structure of Jewish physics which by this time fills whole libraries. . . . Jewish physics is merely an illusion—a perversion of basic Aryan physics.

A part—but only a small part—of Lenard's polemic has a certain objective significance. This significance, however, lies in a field totally apart from that of race. Lenard is a typical exponent of experimental physics, the importance of which has been in our times reduced by theoretical physics as represented particularly by Planck, the creator of the quantum theory, by Einstein, Max Born, Schrödinger and Heisenberg.

Professor Lenard long ago rejected even the founder of theoretical physics, Newton. In his lectures he never even pronounced his name, but had an assistant write it on the blackboard. He is actually defending his own research trend by identifying the other with the Jews. It goes without saying that Lenard is factually wrong with this identification, for Jews have

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played a part in experimental as well as in theoretical physics. The theoreticians, to mention only Nobel Prize winners, include Einstein, Niels Bohr, James Franck and Gustav Hertz. On the other hand, Michelson and Lippmann have played an equally important part in experimental physics.

II

The arbitrary manner in which Lenard proceeds in his purging of Nordic physics was demonstrated in his book *Great Men of Science* (Macmillan, 1937). On the pretense of wishing to maintain a historical perspective, he deals only with scientists who did not survive the War. This trick enables him to eliminate Rutherford, Röntgen and Madame Curie, while the contemporaries Van der Waals and Crookes are included. The exclusion of the three who are mentioned is inexplicable on the basis of race. There are, however, certain other reasons. Rutherford has taken up the cudgels for the exiled German scientists; Röntgen gave his name to the X-rays which Lenard claims to have discovered; and the only fact that speaks against Madame Curie seems to be that she was born in Poland. Thus it is not merely a fight against the Jews with Lenard.

In accordance with his views, the *Schwarze Korps*, organ of the Black Guards, attacks even the disciples of Jews as so-called 'White Jews.' It designates as 'White Jews' intellectual Jews, Jews by character or conviction, or scientists who do not free themselves of the Jewish spirit. The term 'Jew,' the magazine asserts, must thus be broadened beyond its racial meaning. This demand was emphasized in an epilogue by Stark (also in the *Schwarze Korps*), who attacks 'the great number of Aryan disciples and associates of Jews who have remained in their posts and who maintain the Jewish influence in the German universities.' He warns of the danger threatening a portion of German intellectual life and academic education from the 'White Jews.'

Stark maintained a very different view for consumption abroad. In letters published in the British magazine *Nature*, he maintained that Germany has taken no measures whatever that were opposed to the principles of free scientific inquiry. Only the unjustifiably great influence of the Jews had been reduced. Stark denied that anything like 1,000 scientists had been dismissed up to 1934. The actual number was barely half of this figure, he asserted, and even of that number many had voluntarily relinquished their posts.

Stark's entire argument was briefly and excellently disproved by Haldane. The contradiction between Stark's article in the *Schwarze Korps* and his letters in *Nature* naturally attracted attention. In his turn, Stark replied in *Nature* that there are two types of thought in physics: the pragmatic seeking after knowledge of reality as represented by Lenard and Rutherford, quiet scholars; and the dogmatic, represented by Einstein, Born, Heisenberg and Schrödinger, who sought only after formulas and who were obtrusive propagandists. The tendency to pragmatic, truly scientific thought, he asserted, was more frequently found in the Nordic race, while the Jews were the chief exponents of the execrable dogmatic spirit. To be sure, he admitted, there were also Nordic dogmatists and Jewish pragmatists. Why

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all Jews, nevertheless, had to be purged from the universities is and remains Stark's secret.

III

The rôle played by Lenard and Stark in the field of physics has been assumed in that of mathematics by Ludwig Bieberbach, Professor at the University of Berlin. Naturally his task was far harder. Lenard and Stark were able to utilize an obvious and already existing contrast and to reinterpret it from the viewpoint of racial doctrine. Bieberbach, on the other hand, first had to discover such a contrast. Lenard and Stark could dispute the theories of their opponents, for scientific results in physics permit of several interpretations; no mathematician, however, could question the general applicability of correct mathematical findings.

To these objective handicaps was added the additional difficulty that Nazi mathematicians actually had to defend themselves against their own allies, the National Socialist experimental physicists. Lenard formulated the latter's views as follows:—

> Mathematics . . . because of its firm and clear inner structure which always gives assurance that it operates only with the essential thoughts of Aryan spirit . . . has been rightly called the 'royal handmaiden' of natural science. It was Aryans who developed it to such a high degree, from Pythagoras, Euclid and Archimedes down to Newton, Leibniz and Gauss. Gradually, from about the time of Gauss and in conjunction with the entry of the Jews into important scientific posts, it increasingly began to lose contact with natural science, turning into something aloof from the outside world, having its existence only in the minds of mathematicians. Thus this science of the quantitative became a purely intellectual science. Since, however, the rôle of the quantitative in the intellect is only subordinate, the newer mathematics must be designated as perhaps the most subordinate of all intellectual sciences. . . .

In order to defend his own science against his friends, Bieberbach had to take over this line of reasoning in part. He himself had an additional personal handicap; for under the Republic he was counted a good Republican. Slow to discover his Nordic blood, he, in contrast to Lenard and Stark, had to cover up by extraordinary flights of reasoning the fact that he had not joined the Nazis until after they seized power.

It is not a simple matter either to introduce racial doctrine into mathematics, or to base an Aryan mathematics on such an introduction. Still, the attempt had to be made; for the dismissal of many of Germany's most eminent mathematicians urgently required justification.

In a speech by Bieberbach held before the Society for the Advancement of Instruction in Mathematics and Science, as reported in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*,

> The lecturer sought to establish a relationship between the nature of mathematical thought and the racial origin of the thinker himself. He made reference to an actual event—the disturbances at the University of Göttingen as a result of the work in the theory of numbers of Edmund Landau, who was rejected by the student body because of his alien method of presentation. Herr Bieberbach emphasized and approved this attitude of the student body. . . . Mathematical style, he asserted, was deter-

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mined by blood and an appropriate subject for the racial doctrine of today.

Actually the story of the Göttingen riots is very simple. The National Socialist students—it was they and not the student body as a whole—obeyed orders to attack a great mathematician because he was a Jew.

Bieberbach's lecture had a great effect. The Danish mathematician Harold Bohr quietly rejected it, whereupon Bieberbach, as editor of the annual report of the Society of German Mathematicians, against the will of the two other editors, and without the knowledge of the president, let loose a tirade against Bohr. 'You are a menace to all international coöperation . . . such coöperation languishes in the soil of weakness, self-abasement and contumely. You indulge in these vices at the expense of truth.'

Another version of Bieberbach's arguments were published in *Research and Progress* of June 30, 1934, under the title of *Personality and Mathematical Work*. The English Mathematician G. H. Hardy generously replied as follows:—

> 'It is not reasonable to criticize too closely the utterances of men of science in times of political excitement. . . . Anxiety for one's own position, dread of falling behind the rising torrent of folly, determination at all costs not to be outdone may be natural, if not particularly heroic, excuses. Professor Bieberbach's reputation excludes such explanations of his utterances. I find myself driven to the more uncharitable conclusion that he really believes them true.

In an article for the Academy of Sciences Bieberbach then limited his theoretical considerations, though he emphatically reiterated the ultimate purpose of his 'theory,' the exclusion of all non-National Socialists.

IV

Scientific journals and societies are today '*gleichgeschaltet*.' Jews are excluded. But affirmation of the specifically Aryan thought has been lacking and the claim to the dominance of the 'Aryan' mathematics is still rejected. This deficiency led to a frontal attack against insubordinate science. For this purpose a special organ was created. Since 1936 a quarterly, *German Mathematics*, printed in old German type, has been appearing under the editorship of Herr Bieberbach. Its circulation is about 6,500. The first issue starts out with an invocation by Adolf Hitler—heretofore unknown as a mathematician.

The leading article of the first issue was written by Kubach, *Reichfachabteilungsleiter Mathematik der Deutschen Studentenschaft* (Reich professional division leader for mathematics of the German student body). This gentleman with the long title is a professional student at Heidelberg, which for many years distinguished itself by the lack of an ordinary professor of mathematics.

Herr Kubach's argument runs as follows: the demand that mathematical finding must be accepted as correct everywhere, regardless of the race of the finder 'bears within itself the germs of decay and disintegration of German science. . . . Our fanatical belief in the rightness of our views convinces us of the utter fallacy of these traditional liberal opinions.' In this way Kubach justifies the need for a political purge in mathematics.

The editorial does not seem to have

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had any outstanding success, for the second issue lamely admits that an examination of all mathematicians connected with the University of Heidelberg since 1800 had, despite unequivocal establishment of racial origin, been insufficient to arrive at a valid conclusion concerning Jewish as opposed to German work.

All this seems to have left little impression upon the scientific contributors of the magazine. They completely ignore the principles set up by their new overlords, the National Socialist students. Significantly, except for Bieberbach, only Professor Tornier fully and completely professes Aryan mathematics. All other scientific contributors furnish only objective articles. The contrast between program and contents is often so great that one is tempted to suspect sabotage. The political mathematics of the National Socialist writers is postulated in the editorial section. But nothing of this is felt in the scientific part. For example, one scientific contribution gleefully cites the jest of the old surveyor: 'There are black and white dogs. The surveyor, however, calls the black dogs false white dogs, so that he can make the statement that all dogs are white.'

The general impression of the magazine is good, from a professional point of view. Jews and even émigré mathematicians are cited with equanimity and much work is carried on on the basis of what they have done.

The *Gleichschaltung* of German universities has been accomplished by the National Socialists. The construction of 'Aryan mathematics,' however, has miscarried, as was to be expected.

South Tyrolese Horst Wessel Song

In deepest sleep, the windows thickly curtained,
You pass through the German land of South Tyrol,
You, the only hope of your German fellow countrymen,
The last dream of deliverance—good-bye!

Our arms, already raised in greeting, sank,
But not our courage, which always fills our souls,
As we heard that, up there at the Brenner,
That frontier, drawn at St. Germain, must remain.

We will not now or ever admit defeat,
We feel more German now than ever before.
A day will come, after these Roman-German days,
When the red eagle will once more arise!

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The Moderates are losing out to the Extremists in Japan's China policy.

Japan's Double Policy

By Hsu Cheng

THE new Japanese policy with respect to China may be accurately described as the Itagaki policy. What manner of man, then, is War Minister Seishiro Itagaki, and why were his extremist views adopted by the Tokyo government?

Itagaki has had an impressive military career, both at home and in China. Soon after his graduation from Military College, he was despatched to Hankow as military correspondent for his Government. His abilities were soon recognized by Tokyo, where he was eventually returned and assigned to special work on the Japanese General Staff. Simultaneously he served as a lecturer in the Military College, associating himself there with men who were later to rise to influential posts in the Army.

In 1924, he returned to China as assistant to the military attaché of the Japanese Legation. In this key post he spent several years in observation tours of China's southwestern provinces. Observant, indifferent to danger, he readily gained a reputation at home as one of Japan's leading 'experts' on China.

Indeed, by this time his knowledge of China was considerable. Even before the Mukden 'Incident,' Itagaki had spent several years in Manchuria, attached to the General Staff of the Japanese Kwantung Army. After the 'Incident,' in the provocation of which he played a leading rôle, he was promptly rewarded with the post of chief military advisor to the puppet régime of Manchukuo. His special talents were so valued by the home government that in March of 1936 he was appointed chief of the general staff of the Kwantung Army.

His chief importance today lies in the fact that he represents the spearhead, as it were, of Japanese military designs on the Continent. And in this unofficial capacity he heads the four most prominent 'China experts' in Japan: the others are Doihara, Isogai and Okamura. With them he represents the Fascist-minded younger element in the Army.

Itagaki owes this leadership pri-

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marily to the support he has won from those middle-rank officers with whom he came in contact when a lecturer at the Military College. It should be noted that these younger officers play today the most active rôle in the war. It was his popularity with these officers, responsible for the immediate conduct of hostilities, that resulted last May in Itagaki's elevation to the head of the war Ministry.

Before achieving that commanding post, however, Itagaki last autumn was on the war front in Northern China. His present high position is cause for some surprise because of his military reverses at that time. Itagaki's division was defeated by the Chinese 8th Route Army at the Pinghsinkwan mountain-pass in north Shansi. And again, one part of his command, and that of Isogai, were almost completely destroyed at Taierhchwang in southern Shantung, in late March and early April of this year.

Not only were these two major reverses a personal humiliation to the present War Minister, but they also served as an object lesson to younger Japanese officers and, moreover, were an instructive lesson for the civilian population in Japan.

One result was that the Army and its chief supporters—the heavy industrialists and big landowners—recognizing that warfare on the Continent would be prolonged, realized at the same time that they must enlist the support of the Moderates, led by Ugaki, who, since the outbreak of the war, have been consistently opposed to bearing more than a 'necessary' share of the military expenditures.

An immediate compromise was vital, and one of a temporary character was effected last April. To understand its nature, some inquiry is necessary into the specific policies of the two groups.

II

A major plank in the Itagaki platform is the closest adherence to the decision of the Imperial Government as announced January 16 last, that is, the policy of ignoring the Chinese Central Government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. The specific objective of the Extremists is the creation of a central puppet State and machine in central China, an enlarged equivalent of the Manchukuo régime.

To this plan the Moderates, while no less eager to reap the fruits of conquest on the Continent, are opposed with the claim that in central China there is no social ground on which to base a Japanese puppet-State. Their alternative is the pursuit of a two-fold policy: the continuance of military attacks on Chiang Kai-shek's machine, coupled with an active encouragement of the vacillating elements—the so-called 'peace sector'—within the Chinese Government. The Moderates hold that this two-edged policy will, in the long run, prove more effective in forcing the Chinese Generalissimo to come to terms and agree to a peace settlement substantially advantageous to Japan.

The chief point in the compromise between the two groups was the unanimous agreement about the necessity of capturing Hankow. That agreement was not formally stated, but it was a tacit understanding. On the basis of this compromise, the cabinet of Prince Konoye was reshuffled, with Itagaki imported from the front to lead the Extremists, and Ugaki representing the Moderate wing.

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Ministerial peace, however, was not to endure long. Soon after the reorganization of the cabinet, the Itagaki Extremists set to work to dominate their opposition colleagues. This activity took the form of the so-called Five Ministers' Conference—a special cabinet-within-a-cabinet which was formed to crystallize Japan's policy in China; since June 17 that conference has been in session more than twenty times.

By August 9, when this conference was again in session, War Minister Itagaki proposed a drastic amendment in the nation's China policy. The five Ministers approved it as did the Cabinet's advisory Council. Although its precise terms remained a secret, there was sufficient leakage to warrant publication of an outline of it in the *Tokyo Asahi* on August 24.

The new policy is composed of four main points, to wit:—

1. The formulation of fundamental rules for the conduct of the new policy in China;
2. The coördination of political and economic administration plans with the military operations within China;
3. The creation of a 'New China' on the basis of a new central régime on the Continent; and
4. The promotion of a diplomatic campaign designed to bring the 'New China' within the international bloc opposed to Communism.

III

Broken down into its realistic components, the Itagaki policy means the destruction of Chiang Kai-shek's Government and the creation of a puppet régime in Central China. If these two aims are realized, the Japanese Government expects Germany, Italy and other Fascist nations to recognize the 'New China.'

In a guarded interview with Japanese newspapermen on August 30, the author of the new policy declared that 'Although the three autonomous governments, in southern Chahar, in northern Shansi and the Mongolian Federation, have already been brought together as the Federated Committee of the Mongolian Border, it is possible that these régimes will unite with the governments of Nanking and Peiping.'

The approval of the new policy was sought from the aged Prince Saionji, the last of the Elder Statesmen, by Prince Konoye on September 15 last. Presumably the Premier was successful in his mission. This is seen in the arrival, on September 21, of Doihara at Shanghai and his subsequent pressure on the Nanking puppet-officials to journey with him to Dairen for a conference with puppet-officials of the Peiping administration. The upshot of that conference was the decision to form a 'United China Council,' clearly a preparatory move to the establishment of a comprehensive central régime.

War Minister Itagaki would seem to have won over the Cabinet to his point of view, but friction between the Extremists and Moderates still continues. One of the organs of the Army, the *Kokumin* of Tokyo, is fulsome in its editorial praise of the new policy, but on the other side of the political fence, the Tokyo *Asahi*, which is spokesman for the capitalists of the light industries, is openly dissatisfied. Thus, on August 24, apropos of the new policy, this paper wrote: 'It would be more heartening to learn that the Government is tackling problems whose solution is essential for the dis-

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posal of the "Incident," than to hear that it has decided upon a new China policy.'

And the same newspaper, a day later, issued this warning: 'There is no evidence that the Chiang Kai-shek administration will cease entirely to be a force against this country. It has a firm grip on the Chinese masses, and in all likelihood it will continue to serve as the pivot of China, even after the retreat of the régime to the remote southwest.'

One result of the adoption of the new policy was the resignation on September 29 of General Kazushige Ugaki, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who also held the colonial portfolio, in the Cabinet. At the same time, the Moderates Sato and Arita, both of whom had previously served at the head of the Foreign Office, relinquished their posts as advisers to Ugaki's Ministry, and they were followed by Matsumoto, and the parliamentary Vice-Minister of foreign affairs, and Haruna, parliamentary counsellor. Temporarily, Prince Konoye assumed the foreign portfolio. In mid-October, however, it was unofficially announced from Tokyo that Yosuke Matsuoka was resigning as president of the South Manchuria Railroad to take over the Foreign Ministership. This is another indication of the strengthening of the Extremist bloc in the Tokyo Government.

The Ministerial jockeying of the past few weeks has brought the cabinet solidly behind the Extremists. But the underlying conflict between the two groups is certain to be aggravated as the conflict is prolonged in China.

Out of Date

Because of their anti-Semitic tendencies, and similarly because of their admiration for Adolf Hitler, of whom they are more faithful imitators than they are of Benito Mussolini, they [the British Fascists] cannot, despite their name, consider themselves the most genuine representatives of the ideals of Fascism in England.

—From the latest edition of the *Enciclopedia Italiana*

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Why are some English words so much abused? Are there still fairies in Eire? How has the bandits' union of Corsica adjusted itself to our times?

Miscellany

I. A Dangerous Word

By Robert Lynd

From *John O'London's Weekly*, London Popular Literary Weekly

A CRITIC, reviewing an anthology of modern verse the other day, spoke of the compiler as a 'reactionary.' This was because the compiler omitted the work of a number of the younger poets from his anthology, and, though he included Mr. Auden and Mr. MacNeice, made it clear that he did not share the reviewer's opinion of the importance of the newest kind of verse. It seems to me that it is an exceedingly dangerous thing to import the word 'reactionary' into literary criticism, or, indeed, into criticism of any of the arts. It implies that progress is going on all the time in the arts as it is in the exact sciences—that the latest artistic experiments are an advance on the experiments of the past as the latest scientific discoveries are an advance on the discoveries of the past. This is, perhaps, a natural illusion in a scientific age; but, none the less, it is an illusion.

Outside the exact sciences, progress is by no means inevitable. Even in politics—in which many Victorians, misled by a wrong application of the theory of evolution, believed that progress was all but a law of nature—recent history has shown that a change for the worse is just as possible as a change for the better. In these days of dictatorship, it is an act of faith to believe that today is an improvement on yesterday. We should all like to believe that tomorrow will be an improvement on today; but how many of us feel certain of this in the same way in which we feel certain that the television of ten or twenty or a hundred years hence will show an enormous advance on television as we know it in the year 1938?

If progress is uncertain in politics, how still more uncertain it is in the arts! Homer has not been succeeded by greater Homers. The Greek tragic

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dramatists, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, handed on no torch that burned still more brightly in the keeping of their successors. There were scores of poetic dramatists after Shakespeare, but among them was no Shakespeare. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, England produced Wordsworth, Coleridge and Byron and Shelley and Keats among her poets; toward the end, their places were taken by the aged Tennyson and Browning and by Swinburne. These were all true poets, but is there anyone who would say that the nineteenth century was a period of literary progress in the same sense in which it was a period of social and political progress? Most people would agree that in the matter of literature the century began better than it ended.

The worst of believing in the inevitability of progress in literature is that it erects false critical standards. It reduces the critic, indeed, to the stature of a follower of fashion, persuading him that in poetry, as in women's clothes, the newest fashion is always the best. I have myself no objection to the traditional whirligig of fashion in dress. The hobble skirt, the long train, the bustle were all amusing concessions to the love of perpetual change among women of leisure.

But the point of a new kind of dress is that it is intended to attract only for a season, whereas the object of a poet is to write verse that will outlive the fashion of the moment and still give delight when the fashion is dead. If women's dress were submitted to art critics every Ascot week the latest fashion would as often as not be condemned on the ground that, though it was temporarily smart, it would appear either ugly or ridiculous in a few years' time.

Fashion and novelty, however, are not artistic qualities. They are superficial accidents that may be conspicuous in a work of art, but that have nothing to do with its excellence as a work of art. Art is the triumph of the permanent over the temporary; and, in judging a poem, we have to ask ourselves not only whether it appeals to the fashionable taste of the hour, but whether it will still give pleasure to men and women in the future, in spite of the fashionable taste's having swung in the opposite direction. This, I admit, is largely guesswork, but guess we must in criticizing contemporary poetry.

Some critics, of course, have an excessive antipathy to novelty, just as others have an excessive bias in favor of novelty. Most writers of startlingly original genius have suffered at the hands of critics for their innovations; and no critic has been more severe on various poets than some of the other poets themselves.

I should not describe this dislike of novelty as 'reactionary,' however. A much more accurate word is 'traditional' or 'conservative.' The 'conservative' critic is a man who is under the spell of the literature of the past to such a point that he cannot believe that the literature of his own time can equal it. There have been ages in which by chance he was right; there have been ages in which by chance he was wrong. But in all ages he at least has been free from the illusion of progress in literature.

One of the chief objections to regarding a taste for the new in literature as 'advanced' is that the new itself ultimately becomes old and is

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succeeded by something newer still, with the result that those who have 'advanced' tastes are continually tempted to change their loyalties. A taste for Meredith was once 'advanced,' but I have been told that the 'advanced' no longer think much of him. So was a taste for Galsworthy. So was a taste for Conrad.

I knew one eminent man of letters before the War who was so afraid of falling behind in his tastes that he went into raptures over every new writer of talent and began to be critical of him only when the writer became popular and established. He worshipped Galsworthy while Galsworthy was the idol of a smallish *coterie;* as soon as Galsworthy became the idol of the public, however, he regarded him as *vieux jeu*. It was the same with his enthusiasm for Conrad. *Chance* was too popular, and Conrad's genius became suspect. If this man were living today, I fancy he would be beginning to harbor doubts about Mr. T. S. Eliot and even, perhaps, about Mr. Joyce. For only the young and the not yet widely famous were, in his view, sacrosanct from criticism.

II

It is one of the odd characteristics of some 'advanced' critics, indeed, that while they resent criticism of the new, they claim the right to criticize old and established writers as destructively as they please. They will energetically tear Milton or Swift or Lamb to pieces, and will speak almost pityingly of Pater, whom their fathers worshipped. When Mr. Shaw was young, it was thought to be a sign of barbarism to deride Ibsen, but to deride Shakespeare was looked on as legitimate literary sport. It was, perhaps, the vice of Victorian professors to venerate the old at the expense of the new: we can admit this, however, without rushing to the opposite extreme and deifying novelty as something which everybody who does not want to be called a 'reactionary' must worship.

I am not, by the way, entering into the question of the stature of the new poets. I am merely maintaining that everyone has as much right to criticize them freely as to criticize Tennyson and Swinburne freely, and that no judgment of them, favorable or unfavorable, can be correctly described as 'advanced' or 'reactionary.' We are often told of the blunders made by the 'reactionary' critics of the past in criticizing new genius. We do not so often hear of the blunders of the 'advanced' critics in overpraising new genius. Yet I fancy a fairly substantial anthology of these could be made, beginning with Dryden's eulogy of Congreve when Congreve had not even written his best work:—

This is your portion, this your native store,
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To Shakespeare gave as much; she could not give him more.

This, it may be retorted, was merely a friendly puff. Still, it was written by one of the greatest critics in the history of English literature.

It is best, then, to preserve a free mind in regard to contemporary work. To be intoxicated by novelty is just as bad as to be doped by antiquity. After all, there is nothing which it is easier to misjudge, either by underestimation or by over-estimation, than

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contemporary work. Even the greatest men have made the most ludicrous mistakes about the genius of their contemporaries. Consider Dr. Johnson's estimate of Gray. Remember the order in which Byron ranked the poets of his time. Even Sainte-Beuve was not infallible about the living. It is easy enough to tell the difference between a goose and a swan when both are dead. The difference between a living goose and a living swan is not always so obvious.

Hence, there is plenty of room for honest difference of opinion about new poets, new painters, and new musicians. There is no need to quarrel with anyone either because he praises them enthusiastically or because he regards them as symptomatic of the ills of the age, like Fascism. In any case, it would be a very undesirable world in which everybody was in agreement on the subject of poetry or, indeed, on anything else. The new poets themselves, I am sure, do not claim the immunity from criticism which is apparently demanded by some of their admirers. Fifty years hence it may be considered 'reactionary' to think them better than their successors. And it is possible, though not certain, that the 'reactionaries' of fifty years hence will be right.

II. Fairies in Eire

From a letter to the *Times*, London Independent Conservative Daily

SIR:—I wonder if others of your readers who are depressed at times from reading so much about developments in Central Europe, the Far East, Spain and other distracted parts of the world would be as interested as I was to hear that it is not wars, or rumors of wars that are the topic of conversation in certain parts of Western Ireland. It was with a feeling of positive relief, after reading the *Times* from cover to cover, that I turned the other morning to the Dublin *Irish Press* and learned that 'Watching for fairies has leaped into sudden popularity in West Limerick.' Crowds, it was stated, were assembling in the evenings at crossroads hoping to catch a glimpse of the 'good little people'; boys and men had chased the fairies—'and they jumping the ditches as fast as a grayhound'—while a youth named Keely said he had actually held a leprechaun by the hand.

Old people there were, it is true, who shook their heads and said it was a 'bad omen' to see so many of the 'little people' at one time, and in broad daylight as well as in the evenings, and 'many people—especially girls—are afraid to go out after dark,' according to the story.

Here in part is what the *Irish Press* has to say about these strange occurrences:—'John Keely, a schoolboy, seeing a fairy alone, on Tuesday, ran and told the Mulqueens about it. They sent him back to interrogate the little visitor, who admitted to Keely that he "was from the mountains, and it's all equal to you what my business is."'

Next day two fairies appeared at the crossroads between Ballingarry

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and Kilfinney, six miles from Rathkeale, in daylight, with skipping-ropes, and 'they could leap the height of a man,' according to Robert and John Mulligan and other eye-witnesses. The little people allowed Keely to approach them and he actually took one of them by the hand and 'set off along the road with him,' he said. When the fairies spotted the others lying in wait in the nearby bushes they took fright and 'away they went like the wind,' with the Mulqueens, Keely and others in hot pursuit.

Describing the unearthly visitors witnesses stated to the reporter that the leprechauns were about 2 feet in height and had 'hard, hairy faces like men and no ears.' They were dressed in red, and one of them wore a white cape, and they wore knee-breeches and 'vamps' instead of shoes. Several who claim to have chased the 'little people' say that 'though they passed through hedges, ditches, and marshes, they appeared clean and neat all the time.'

The locality where these strange doings are taking place is near the foot of Knockfierna, it is stated; this hill is steeped in fairy lore, and under it, according to tradition, is the palace of Donn, King of the Munster Fairies. People from Rathkeale, Croom, Adare, and other parts of Limerick are gathering at the cross-roads in the evenings, hoping to catch a glimpse of the 'good people.'

'We could not believe what we saw if anyone else told us,' many told the reporter. 'A suggestion that the "fairies" may in fact be human "midgets" brought from England by an Englishwoman is contradicted by her,' it is stated.

I am etc.,
JOHN BARRY

25, Montagu Street, W.1.

III. UNIONIZED BANDITS OF CORSICA

By HANS HABE

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-Language Daily

THE bandits of Corsica are refreshingly different: they are highly industrialized. Only a few years ago they made the island very unsafe. It was almost incredible that this was possible, so close to the shores of Europe. The notorious bandit Joseph Bartoli, for example, used to publish his threats in the *Eveil de la Corse*. Letters from the various bandits to the editor of *Eveil*, the *Jeune Corse*, or the *Nouvelle Corse* were being published like letters from British Lords to the London *Times*. As late as 1931 Bartoli wrote that he would not permit the Ollandini Bus Company to transport tourists across the country. A few days later—after the Ollandini Company had paid 20,000 francs—Bartoli cleared the roads. His letter to the paper was signed 'Joseph Bartoli, Bandit, Palais Vert.' Pompously, the honorable bandit added that one could look up his signature at the court in Ajaccio for verification.

This was only a few years ago. Even during the last elections the candidates of the Chamber and the Senate found it necessary to woo the favor of the bandits. Coty, the perfume king,

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when he was a candidate for the Senate, went personally to the Palais Vert, the 'Green Palace,' as the bandits call the thick, blooming underwood where they live. Coty paid hundreds of thousands of francs and became senator. In remembrance of his negotiations with the bandit Romanetti he called a perfume *Jasmin de Corse*.

Prospectuses claim that the bandit reign has stopped, that an energetic government has completely exterminated the outlaws. But whoever has seen the jungle of hedges, blooming cactuses, secret paths and impenetrable underbrush which make up Corsica knows that no government, be it ever so energetic, could do away with the bandits. It is the bandits themselves who have changed their methods.

After a while, their reign of terror ruined the tourist business. As a result, the hotel proprietors, taxi and automobile owners stopped paying them off. Thereupon, the Bandits' Union decided to extort stocks and bonds instead of money. The bandits entered the tourist trade. Today they are stockholders. A traveler often finds himself being shown around or even put up by a well-to-do bandit. As a result, there is no safer place for tourists than Corsica.

That is also true for politics. On the way from Ajaccio, with its inevitable Napoleon monument on the main square and its unforgettable view over the bay, to the Greek chapel, one passes the fortifications which protect Corsica. The chauffeur, who just a little while ago cut figs from a cactus for me, leaned back and said: 'All this does not make sense, Monsieur. We don't need to fortify Corsica. Nobody will dare to attack us. We are known. *Nous sommes très bandits.*'

We are 'very bandit.' He said it with cheerful pride. My chauffeur in Bastia, on the other hand, told me that he was a relative of the bandit, Matteo Poli. But perhaps he was only bragging. 'I spring from an old family of bandits'—this is said here with a dynastic pride. At the birthplace of the bandit Belacoscia in the little town of Bocognano, a memorial tablet has been put up. Altogether, dictators and highwaymen are held in high esteem in Corsica.

It is natural, then, that the Napoleon cult too is an indigenous phenomenon. It is genuine, without artificial pretense. The inhabitants of this country are ardent French patriots—they hate the Italians and despise the brother island of Sardinia—whose great pride is that France was once dominated by a Corsican. They feel, however, that they have contributed other sons to the glory of France. Next to the pictures of Napoleon and the recently executed bandit Spada, there are pictures of the great Parisian lawyer de Moro-Giafferi; and every Corsican phonograph plays Tino Rossi records. One does not quite know of whom they are more proud: of the Emperor, the lawyer, the bandit or the tenor.

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THE AMERICAN SCENE

TWO very interesting reports have issued from Washington in the past month. The final analysis of the unemployment census, as administered by John D. Biggers, shows that nearly 3,000,000 more women workers have become employed since 1930 than the growth of population in that period would normally indicate. 'A comparison of the percentages by ages indicates that relatively more women between 25 and 39 years of age and fewer under 20 or over 50 were employed in 1937 than were classified as workers in 1930.' The new women workers 'are apt to be recently widowed, separated or divorced persons, or they may be wives forced into the labor market when the family income is inadequate.'

In other words, not only has the number of all unemployed remained approximately static—in the neighborhood of 11,000,000—or even increased, but the character of those who have gone into employment has changed significantly. More women have been obliged to leave their homes to seek work in order to supplement the depleted incomes of their husbands or to support orphaned children who have been left helpless by deceased fathers who were forced to use, while living, whatever they had intended leaving their families on their death.

The other report, from the Federal Reserve Board, estimates that industrial production in September of the current year was about 90 per cent of the high average in 1923–1925. The cotton, woolen and steel industries showed marked improvement, and bank deposits were 'nearly at an all-time high.'

Thus business, according to the record, really has little to complain of against the New Deal, including its taxation program. But the men—and especially the women—of the nation who have kept Mr. Roosevelt in office apparently have much to complain of. It would seem that the Liberty Leaguers ought to get together again, this time for the purpose of keeping Mr. Roosevelt in the White House for life. Certainly he has done much better by them than Mr. Hoover. It may all have been unintentional, but aren't business men interested solely in results?

THE contention of Mrs. Charles L. Hulswit, national chairman, and her colleagues in the Women's Rebellion, Inc., that men and women on relief and the W.P.A. be denied the right to vote is one that comes up during nearly every depression. The argument generally runs like this: people who live wholly or partly on public or private charity are intellectually unfit to vote and do not deserve the franchise. They are intellectually unfit because their inability to earn a living proves that they possess a low I.Q. and hence cannot tell the difference between one candidate for office and another. They do not deserve to vote, because they pay no taxes to the government and hence should have no say in its running. In some states, especially in the South, no person can vote who does not pay a poll tax of between two and five dollars a year, a situation

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which in certain commonwealths disfranchises about half the voting population.

Is the inability to earn a living really a sign of a feeble intelligence? To ask the question is to answer it. The late Edwin Arlington Robinson, in all the years he starved, certainly had as good a mind, as, say, the late Chauncey Depew. As for the poor not contributing to the running of the government, in the form of taxes, that is only partly true. Whoever makes a purchase, however small, also pays a tax to the government, for the purchase price includes state and federal taxes. About 50 per cent of the price of a package of cigarettes, for example, is local and federal taxation. Besides, if a poor man has no right to a say in his government, what right has the government to ask for his obedience to its laws, especially to ask him to lay down his life for his country in time of war?

President Roosevelt, Senator Barbour of New Jersey, Attorney-General Wilentz of the same state and others made justifiable fun of the Women's Rebellion. The earnest ladies, however, probably deserve a more vigorous answer, for they reflect a political snobbery which has troubled the friends of democracy in this country from its very beginning. This snobbery is vanishing, but far too slowly for the champions of freedom and liberty not to be concerned whenever any organization revives it. Democracy is more than a political device. It is a militant moral and spiritual brotherhood.

In the words of Theodore Parker, the great New England abolitionist, it means 'not "I'm as good as you are," but "You're as good as I am."' The members of the Women's Rebellion, Inc., might give this idea some thought.

THE Cardinals's Literature Committee of the New York diocese has issued its fall list of preferred books in every branch of writing. As usual it makes bizarre reading. The history section, for example, has eight volumes, including a new *History of the Popes*, *The Catholic Church in Louisiana*, *Women of the Wilderness* and *The History of Motion Pictures*. Under fiction all the sixteen books are by Mary Roberts Rinehart, Alice Rosman, Evelyn Waugh and their literary brothers and sisters. Under science the following four works—and no others—are recommended: *Starcraft*, *The Catholic Doctor*, *The Fun of Photography* and *Money-Making Hobbies*.

A list of this sort must prove very embarrassing to intelligent Catholics, as do the Church's annual lists of recommended plays and motion pictures. To those not acquainted with the history of Catholicism all this probably seems incomprehensible. The fact is that Holy Mother Church has always fought the arts and sciences. The celebrated Index of Prohibited Books, compiled by a special committee of cardinals and approved by the Pope, contains pretty nearly every important literary work, imaginative, scientific, or philosophical, that has issued from the brain of man during the last 1,500 years. The Fathers of the Church proscribed all worldly books and theatrical performances. St. Jerome in *The Virgin's Profession* said:—

> Do not seek to appear over-eloquent or compose trifling songs in verse. . . . What has Horace to do with the Psalter,

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> Virgil with the Gospels, and Cicero with Paul? . . . Although unto the pure all things are pure and nothing is to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving, still we ought not to drink the cup of Christ and the cup of the devil at the same time.

And Lactantius, in *The Divine Institutes*, held that:—

> The corruption of the stage is . . . contaminating. The plots of comedies deal with the seduction of virgins or the amours of harlots; and the more eloquent the authors of these scandalous inventions are, the more easily do they beguile us by the elegance of their sentiments, the more readily do their rhythmical and polished lines remain in the memory of their audience. So, too, the stories of tragedy set before our eyes the parricides and incests of wicked kings and give crime a tragic presentation. As for the shameless movements of the actors, what other effect have they than to teach and incite men to lust? . . . And what shall I say of mimes who make a public profession of corruption? They teach men the tricks of adultery by representing them on the stage, and by pretence train to reality. What are young men and maidens to do when they see these things done without shame and gladly beheld by all? They are in any case reminded of what is possible, and the fires of lust, which from the eyes draw their chief nutriment, are kindled within them. . . . And not only is this the case with boys who ought not to be inured prematurely to sin; it is true also of old men, whose age renders such faults especially unbecoming.

Such pronouncements, which could be multiplied by the thousands, give logic to the purity crusades and Legions of Decency of the Catholic Church in America. Very likely these crusades will be intensified, for Bishop Stephen J. Donahue, successor to the late Cardinal Hayes as administrator of the New York diocese, the most influential in the United States, has been a leader in the campaigns to clean up paganism in the arts and atheism in the sciences.

TRADE unionism in America lately has had many serious problems. The conflicts between the C.I.O. and the A.F.L., especially the bickerings between Messrs. Green and Lewis, give cause for little jubilation. Still, the general picture is not altogether black. Union membership is now at least twice as large as it was six years ago, the concept of industrial unionism has found many new adherents and the Wagner Act, despite its deficiencies, has given American workers rights which workers in no other country, including England and Russia, have.

In the latter country, trade unionism, only the other day, was set back some fifty years. The Kremlin ruled that Russian unions shall not be independent bargaining agencies, but must serve rather as 'schools of Communism, as a driving belt from the Communist Party to the masses, as support of the dictatorship of the working class and as first assistants of the State.' Labor leaders who think otherwise are branded as 'Trotskiist-Bukharinist agents of Fascism.'

According to Harold Denny, Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*, 'The only trade unions under capitalism to which the Soviet trade unions can be even remotely likened are company unions.' In the United States, company unions are denounced by both the C.I.O. and the A.F.L. Besides, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Green can attack the Government for anything

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whatsoever without being called Fascists. In fact, one of the surest ways for either of them to get invited to lunch at the White House is to disagree publicly and violently with the President. It would never occur to the President to charge them with attempting to sell Texas to Mexico and executing them summarily.

CONGRESSMAN Martin Dies, chairman of the House Committee on un-American Activities, plans to organize 'The League for Peace and Americanism,' the alleged purpose of which will be to fight Communism and Fascism. He hopes to obtain 5,000,000 members by January 1st. It is not impossible that he will obtain them, but it is highly probable that the League will turn into a red-baiting group, seeing danger where there is none and annoying harmless people. In other words, the League will, very likely, have the same composition as the Paul Reveres, the Awakeneres, the Sentinels of the Republic and the Key Men of America—and the same end, one hopes, death by exposure.

The country needs an honest League whose aim is to combat the propaganda of Berlin, Moscow, Rome, Paris, London, Tokyo and Hankow, all of whom seek to have us spill blood and spend money to get them out of messes of their own doing, and all of whom in sundry ways, direct and devious, constantly try to bring our democratic system into disrepute. The League, unlike the very useful American Civil Liberties Union, should not concern itself with occasional breaches of the Bill of Rights, but should bring to public attention the extensive misinformation activities of the European and Asiatic governments, especially their pleas to join them in this or that 'idealistic' effort. Publicity alone could do enormous good in devitalizing this propaganda. In 1934 William Dudley Pelley had 2,000,000 members in his Silver Shirts, which boasted openly of Nazi connections, yet when he ran for President in 1936 he received only 1,000 votes in the entire nation. The exposure of him in the press undoubtedly deserves the credit for this. His group, and many others like it, true enough, are virtually dead, but the spirit behind them is not. They who maintain otherwise are as wrong as the highly astute historian, J. B. Bury, was in 1913 when he concluded his monumental *History of Freedom of Thought* with these words: 'The struggle of reason against authority has ended in what appears now to be a decisive and permanent victory for liberty.'

C. A.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Who Has Ears to Hear . . .

The House of Lords, I noticed at yesterday's short sitting, is now equipped with a new microphone. Suspended from the roof, it hangs above the Clerks' table. Previously a box microphone stood on the table, where it picked up not only speeches but also conversations on the front bench. Frequently those who had headphones on could hear private remarks.

Something of the sort happened in the House of Commons very recently. Peers listening to the relay of the speech in the library heard the Prime Minister ask Sir John Simon, 'Shall I tell them now?' and Sir John's whispered 'Yes.'

Ministers would not wish to have all their private remarks broadcast, even to the limited audience that would hear them. This has been one of the factors which have influenced them against installing acoustic apparatus similar to that long in use in the House of Lords.

— Peterborough in *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

The War Slice

One of the unexpected results of hostilities in China is less slicing by golfers. Rubber restrictions having led all golf clubs to ration their sales of balls to two per golfer per day, the unskilful performer has been obliged to drop the effort to add another yard or two to his drive, and to concentrate instead on keeping his ball somewhere near the fairway. In the end this may lead to an improvement in the general standard of the game, though the immediate price in patience and self-control appears rather a high one. In the meantime, there appears to be an opening for that type of caddy said to be chiefly in demand in Scotland. 'So you're good at finding balls? Then find one, and we'll start the game the noo.'

—*Japan Chronicle*, Kobe

German Measles, Too?

'Göring taken ill,' said the evening paper placard. The vendor elaborated. 'Yus,' he said, ''e's got something wrong with 'is glands, and something wrong with 'is leg—*and* cold feet.'

—Janus in *Spectator*, London

Something Seems Missing Somewhere

One very cold day an old gentleman saw a small girl in rags, with her toes peeping out of a dilapidated pair of shoes. Her father was out of work.

'Why has he lost his work?' the old gentleman asked.

''Cos the factory's shut,' replied the child.

'Why is that?'

'They've got too much stock, so the men have been put off.'

'What do they make there?'

'Boots!'

—From *Industrial Christian Fellowship Journal*, London

Nazi Pillory

Every week the *Stürmer*, the organ of Julius Streicher, publishes under the title of 'Small-time News' items like the following:—

'The wife of the lawyer, Karl Müller, Aryan, residing in Breslau, Roonstrasse 24, greets politely the Jewess Emma Daniel when she meets her in the street.'

'The storekeeper Julius Spranger, Adolf Hitler Platz, at Horcheim, continues to employ the Jew Rosenfeld.

'The hotel proprietor Ludwig Hansmann of Frankfort has given lodging to six Jews and two Jewesses, several of them of foreign origin.'

'The butcher Hans Kaufmann, living at Schlageterstrasse in Halle, has bought four calves from the cattle dealer, Jew Moses.'

On one occasion, a special number of the *Stürmer* denounced, adding photographic proofs, a peasant from the suburbs of Vienna who had given a lift on his cart to three little Jewish children. —*Époque*, Paris

The Ghouls Are Ready

An informal brigade of some twenty well-known Japanese novelists and writers has been formed with the approval of the Government and the military authorities and set off early in September to watch and describe the expected fall of Hankow.

Among the members of the party were some of the most popular novelists of Japan such as Kan Kikuchi, Masao Kume and Haruo Sato.

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Several women writers also participated in the expedition.

The Cabinet Information Bureau, which sponsored the trip, believes that the despatch of this group of leading authors will give the people valuable information and heighten the national sense of patriotism.

They are not expected to write hasty accounts of the taking of the city, although some of them may carry out journalistic commissions; the purpose of the journey is rather to furnish them with material for serious literary works.

—*Observer*, London

. . . Theirs Not to Reason Why

'We are not Fascists,' two Hitler youth leaders told me, 'although people always confuse the two creeds. Fascism came from the top. It was the will of one man imposed on the masses. Nazism came from the bottom. It is the will of the masses, concentrated in the mind of the Führer. And for us,' they said, 'democracy means obedience.'

'Blind obedience?' I asked, somewhat tactlessly.

They smiled and shook their heads. 'We know the ultimate goal. It is not for us to question every step of the way.'

—Beverley Nichols in *Sunday Chronicle*, London

What is Autarchy?

A peasant from an Italian village goes to see the Mayor. For months, he says, the newspapers have been boosting a remedy called autarchy. He wants to know just what this autarchy is. The Mayor cannot explain it, but since he is going to Rome the next day, promises to see the Minister of Agriculture and ask him. The next day, indeed, he puts this question to His Excellency, the Minister of Agriculture. The Minister takes his visitor to the window and says to him:—

'It is very simple. You see before you this beautiful new car. With autarchy, in a year you will see ten cars on the same street. In five years there will be one hundred.'

After coming back to his village, the Mayor seeks out the peasant and tries to explain autarchy to him, looking for an object with which to illustrate it. Finally, he finds it. He points out of the window and says:

'It is very simple. You see this beggar standing in the street. With autarchy, in a year you will see ten beggars on the same spot and in five years you will see one hundred.'

—*Europe Nouvelle*, Paris

According to Merit

Even if Mr. Chamberlain were proposed for the Nobel Peace Prize, he could not receive it this year because names for this honor must be submitted before February 1 of the same year.

But the Danish Government newspaper, *Social Demokraten*, has other ideas about the man who deserves the Prize. It proposes Dr. Beneš, declaring he has sacrificed more in the interests of peace.

Dr. Tillisch, president of the Norwegian Hunters and Fishermen's Association, suggests that his country should present Mr. Chamberlain with one of its famous trout streams.

—*Daily Herald*, London

Chinese Seasoning

Very frequently the Chinese are dissatisfied with European film titles which are too dry and objective for their taste; for that reason strange conversions of titles are made. *Commotion in Paris* is changed on Chinese posters to *Three Stars Accompany the Moon. Laws of the Jungle* becomes *Green Mountains and Red Dust*, and the *King and Ballerina* has found the truly Chinese title of *A Merry Dragon and His Adventure with a Phoenix.*

—*Pariser Tageszeitung*, Paris

Heil Hitler!

Sometimes a crisis has happy results. A man and girl I know, playmates in their youth, eventually got engaged and, though they seemed to be very fond of each other, the man could not make up his mind to take the final plunge.

Now they are being married at once. After being engaged to the girl for eleven years it has taken almost a war to bring him up to scratch.

—Letter in *Sunday Express*, London

Heard at the Ritz

'Black coffee, please—without milk.' 'Without *cream*, madam; we never use milk to serve coffee without.'

—*Spectator*, London

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Best Sellers and the Atlantic

By John Carter

From the *Spectator*, London

THE fact that the inhabitants of England and those of the United States of America speak languages so nearly related that they can understand each other with fair ease has been a stumbling-block as well as an advantage to the relations between the two peoples. A Frenchman or a Norwegian speaks a different language; he is a foreigner; you do not expect readily to understand *him*—his tastes, his mind, his attitude to life—even if you can understand some of the words he speaks. But the Americans and the English have so much in common of language, tradition and ancestry, that each unconsciously expects in the other an extension of the similarity far beyond the reasonable, and therefore tends to regard any departure from his own norm as something surprising and regrettable.

The existence of this state of things on the literary front is perhaps less marked than in practical affairs, inasmuch as those who read are less insular, on the whole, than those who do not; but it nevertheless exists. And the most cursory examination of its manifestations shows that in this instance it is largely confined to England. Literary America has never had any prejudice against English imports (even if it does impose a 15 per cent duty on the actual books), and from the days when American publishers suborned the theft of advance proofs of Scott's novels in order to beat their competitors to a start in the U. S. market, there has always been a ready sale for outstanding English books across the Atlantic. In some cases American appreciation has outstripped our own; and I should not be surprised to learn that Miss Rosamond Lehmann and Mr. Aldous Huxley—to name only two distinguished writers of today—sold more heavily in America than they do in their own country.

Receptivity in the opposite direction has not been marked until recent years, with a few notable exceptions. Poe was intimately linked with European, especially French, letters, and so perhaps had an unfair advantage, but in any case his genius would have been sufficient to override any barrier. Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper did make some mark in England. Melville, one of the first really American writers, made very little—*Moby Dick*, in fact, was remaindered. And Whitman fared little better. If the Bostonian group in the middle of the nineteenth century had a considerable vogue here, it was largely because they were in many ways more English than the English. Mark Twain, however, an American of Americans, is a true exception. 'Do you know *Huckleberry Finn?*' said Marlowe in *Trent's Last Case*. 'Do I know my own name?' exclaims Trent in reply; and that probably goes for most of us.

But with a handful of exceptions it may be said that, until the post-War period, the more indigenously American writers suffered the same fate as the local wines of France or Italy, which 'do not travel;' whereas such violently English authors as Dickens sold by the thousand in the United States.

Of recent years American literature has become more completely independent of English influences, and indeed in several departments the tide of influence has already set in the other direction. Witness, for instance, Messrs. Ernest Hemingway and Dashiell Hammett. And, with a considerable time-lag, its invasion of the English market on a big scale has followed. Perhaps, just as America is shaking off

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some of its 'import snobbery,' so England is learning that other countries too can produce first-rate articles. And if Packards and silk stockings, why not Caldwell, Faulkner and Saroyan?

IN ONE particular class of fiction, American superiority has always been admitted —the 'tough' novel. It has been often, and rightly, observed that not only do American characters make better toughs than English, but American is a much better language than English to be tough in: and the English imitations of this *genre* are usually painfully feeble. It is true that a strong dose of sentimentality is demanded, so that James Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* is a great success, whereas a genuinely tough book like *Fast One*, by Paul Cain (no relation, I understand), is a flop, but then this is a taste common to that section of the reading public in both countries.

American humor is so obviously a very different thing from English that it does not invite comparisons. Those who like it, like it enormously: and though Ogden Nash's English public is still hopelessly unremunerative (did not *The Times Literary Supplement's* reviewer of *Hard Lines* warn the author that he ought to be more careful with his rhymes?), the late Thorne Smith has made some headway, Peter Arno a distinct hit. Even the incomparable, but admittedly esoteric, James Thurber must by now sell 10 per cent or so of his due. As for Runyon, his fans are such a nuisance that perhaps Lardner's neglect is a blessing in disguise.

There have been signs, too, that American fiction of the serious-*cum*-popular class is coming into its own in England. Sinclair Lewis has long been with us, and Louis Bromfield, and several more. And it is perhaps significant that three of America's really sensational best sellers of the last few years—*Anthony Adverse*, *Gone With the Wind* and now *Northwest Passage*—have made big successes in this country.

The very fact that a few really great books like *A Farewell to Arms*, some of the big popular sellers, many detective novels, a little humor and a lot of toughs have crossed the Atlantic to success in England, prompts the question why a number of other works of fiction, distinguished in their various ways and popular in their own country, have failed to appeal here.

To books like Bessie Breuer's *Memory of Love* and Briffault's *Europa* (the latter a six figure seller in America) we may preen ourselves on being superior. But it does us no credit that Dreiser, a genuinely moving if often clumsy writer, and Dos Passos, who, if sometimes chaotic, is often magnificent, should fall short in sales of even the modest success of esteem we have accorded them. As for Scott Fitzgerald, he is a writer with whose very name nine out of ten 'intelligent readers' will be found quite unfamiliar. Yet even though *This Side of Paradise* may date just a trifle, *The Great Gatsby* will always remain a remarkable and a brilliant book.

Then Virginia Lincoln's *February Hill* and Werfel's *Forty Days of Musa Dagh* must have looked like sure-fire sellers to their respective publishers: but how mistakenly! Nor did John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* find the public it deserved, while his second novel, *Butterfield 8*, which from its New York, as opposed to the other's Country Club setting, might have had a more immediate appeal, has not been published in England at all. If Faulkner and Caldwell do not sell in the thousands they should, at least they are warmly esteemed by the discriminating. But to neglect a gorgeous frolic like Wallace Smith's *The Captain Hates the Sea* is really shocking: and as for Dorothy Parker—adjectives fail me. Public-spirited publishers have issued her collected poems, *Not so Deep as a Well*, and her two volumes of short stories, *After Such Pleasures* and *Laments for the Living*—the brief product of the bitterest and one of the most brilliant pens in either continent:

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and if the combined sales of all three have exceeded a couple of thousand, I will eat my hat (and glad to do it).

Communal Collaboration

As one looks through the Russian papers and magazines one is amazed by their extraordinary ideological consistency, that overflows from the political into the literary field. You begin to have a vision of an extraordinarily simplified mold, and any bit of creative stuff that does not fit in, any foreign excrescence is examined with a cautious and distrustful eye and, in most cases, deleted. Soviet literature, Soviet theater and art are subject to certain rigid rules, which cannot be changed. And the result is a conformism that has sometimes elements of the ridiculous. The keynote of the Soviet arts is exaggerated praise of the native virtues and a determined rejection of the foreign elements. And it is amusing to see how in every case the attempt by even a sympathetic foreigner to get into the closed ring is politely, tactfully, but nevertheless emphatically, rejected.

Upton Sinclair is one of the American writers who are popular with the Soviet masses. His books are acceptable, since they expose the decadence of the capitalistic system. On his sixtieth birthday, the Soviet Writers' Union sent him a telegram and printed in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* a letter from him embodying a rather interesting proposal. The plan had to do with a novel which takes place partly in the United States and partly in the U. S. S. R. The proposed book is called *Red Gold* and the hero is an American engineer who supervises the American equipment for gold production on the Lena River in Siberia. There, the hero, a typical American liberal, meets a young Komsomol girl. Follows the process of the young American's education, his vacillation between the Soviet girl and the inevitable girl back home and his final choice of the former as he perceives the sterility and aimlessness of life under the capitalistic system. Upton Sinclair proposed that he write the story in conjunction with a Soviet author, each of them undertaking the part that he knows best.

The proposal was politely accepted by a Soviet author by the name of Pyotr Pavlienko, who thought that this literary collaboration had some interesting possibilities. However, the obstacle came, as one could have expected, in the question of the American's relations with the Soviet woman.

'I see many difficulties,' writes Pavlienko, 'in the path of the relationship of the Soviet girl with the bourgeois engineer, although according to your scheme he is an honest and pleasant person. Twenty years' experience has taught us to be very careful in our contact with the representatives of capitalistic firms. We had many opportunities to see how spies and saboteurs disguise themselves as honest and friendly men and later answer our hospitality with crimes. I don't see how we can possibly marry our young Communist girl to the bourgeois engineer who has an ideology that is hostile to hers, since for her such a marriage would be a political act which would bring under suspicion the integrity of her social character.'

Thus love was kept on the party line.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Air Raid Protection

A.R.P. *By J. B. S. Haldane. London: Gollancz. 1938.*

(Kingsley Martin in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

IN the course of his terrific book, Professor Haldane remarks:—

> A few British bombs on German towns (which I hope and trust will never be dropped) would do more to counteract the real and deep anti-war feeling which still exists in Germany than any amount of Nazi propaganda. After some years they might produce war-weariness, but the example of Spain has shown that the bombing of civilians is most unlikely to win a war outright, and, on the contrary, serves to prolong it.

With this view I entirely concur, and it is partly because, apart from its other disadvantages, the method of counterbombing is so inefficient a remedy for the menace of Fascism, that I have so often urged the claims of propaganda in preference to those of offensive armaments as the right democratic weapon. In any case, whether or not there is war with Germany, an immense propaganda campaign to explain to the German people how Hitler has brought them to their present pass should be the first line of our defense.

Professor Haldane is concerned with the second line of defense—the protection of the civilian against air attack. He has seen and studied the effects of mass slaughter from the air in Spain, and his book is at once an expert and objective examination of the possibilities of protection against air attack and a strong and fully justified onslaught on the British Government which has made the martyrdom of the Spanish people possible and our own martyrdom probable. No one is likely to read this book without feeling that here at least is a man of courage, who has faced the grimmest realities the world has known and risen above their crushing difficulties. His exposure of the present A.R.P. proposals, written with biting restraint, is unanswerable. Where the Government's proposals are sensible and adequate he says so; but on most counts he shows them to be the merest amateurish trifling. The truth of the matter, of course, is that the problem has completely overwhelmed the existing British ruling class. Professor Haldane has interesting things to say about why capitalists are likely to recommend one type of air-raid precaution which brings profits and unlikely to recommend another which involves control of industry, a planned scheme of protection and democratic control.

I need not here repeat the facts about air bombardment. It is enough to realize that Spanish experience shows that even where there is reasonable protection, 500 airplanes each dropping two tons of bombs would, on the average, kill 20,000 people, and that there are still no public bombproof shelters in London or any of the big provincial towns. In comparison with this problem defense against incendiary bombs and gas (where are those gas masks to be handed out in good time before an 'emergency?') is comparatively unimportant. Professor Haldane outlines a scheme which in his view would make England relatively safe in two years, and he suggests practical steps which could be carried out immediately. His proposals for shelters alone would cost 400 million pounds, which is about a quarter of what we are proposing to spend on rearmament in the next few years. He has much excellent advice about digging of trenches in parks and gardens and other similar practical matters.

Professor Haldane's proposals are based on a psychological judgment of very great importance. He writes:—

> The vast majority of people, including myself, after being in one or two air-raids,

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> have an overwhelming and irrational desire to get underground during one. And this is so even if the shelter is quite inadequate. A few people are immune from this.

I expect that this is true, but it is of great importance that it should be established beyond a doubt before Professor Haldane's scheme is adopted. I do not know whether I am one of the few who are immune from this tendency to burrow, or whether my own intense dislike of going to earth in an air-raid is due to my comparatively small experience of air bombardment. I have never felt Professor Haldane's urge, nor have I noticed it among my companions in air-raids.

My experience is, as I say, strictly limited. I was in many air-raids in France in 1917–1918, in a considerable one recently in Valencia, and there were five in the district of Barcelona the last time I was there. My instinct was to get into the open if possible, perhaps with the feeling that if a bomb got me that was the end of it, and that I preferred such an end to the possibility of being buried alive or crushed in a crowd such as so many of us remember in the Tube during the last war. I certainly agree with Professor Haldane's criticism of the list of things which the official A.R.P. instructions bid one to take into a shelter. They do not include a pick-axe, which I should find as important as food.

It may well be, as I say, that my claustrophobia is exceptional or that it would disappear if the only open spaces available were places on which houses might fall, and if the bombs were of the terrific calibre now being used by Germany and Italy in Spain. Probably the answer depends on the real security of the shelters. If they are sufficiently far underground and the number of people buried by direct hits reassuringly small, we may all become like troglodytes, or like the people of Castellon, who were captured alive by Franco when the town fell, because they had burrowed deeply and safely beneath their city. I note one omission in Professor Haldane's suggestions. He remarks on the fact that modern bombs actually break the eardrums of those in the neighborhood, and in any case that the noise has a stunning effect. In his review of Mr. Langdon-Davies' book in this journal he approved of the suggestion that all the population should be provided with cotton wool for their ears. He appears to have forgotten this point, which I regard as very important, in this present book.

Professor Haldane's book comes two years too late. That only means that we must lose no more time. In a sentence, his thesis is that our rulers have utterly failed to face the problem of protecting the population they have been leading into war, that they still concentrate on offensive weapons to the neglect of home defense, and that there is a practical defense policy which our rulers can be forced to adopt. We have to realize that adequate protection can only be achieved by a vast and democratic national effort, which would involve something like a revolution in England. A.R.P. on the necessary scale must be democratic. It cannot be imposed from above, it must be done with national money but with local effort. It must exclude the profiteer and it involves the coercion of big business in the interests of the community.

Again and again Professor Haldane draws the moral of his experience in Spain. Why is this possible in democratic Spain and impossible here? Merely because people in Spain are conscious of the cause that they are fighting for and dying for. The Government sets an example of courage; it is their own Government and they trust it. The present A.R.P. handbooks are clearly devised by people who are mainly anxious to avoid panic and who think to prevent it by childish expedients, none of which would survive the test of a single severe raid. The only satisfaction that one gets out of the possibility of war is the thought of the universal revolt that there would be among ordinary people against proposals that

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seem to envisage the arterial roads filled with private cars, taking the well-to-do to their country seats complete with Pekinese and servants (the pets are specially mentioned). What fury there will be with the Government when the East End discovers that a single large bomb among slums round the docks will destroy a couple of streets and some hundreds of people, while those who live in concrete houses and can dig trenches in their gardens or construct shelters beneath them may be almost immune except from a direct hit! The next war will be explosive in more senses than one.

Church and State

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN GERMANY. *By the Dean of Chichester. London: Gollancz. 1938.*

(The Bishop of Durham in the *Spectator*, London)

GERMANY under the Nazis presents a truly portentous blending of medieval barbarism and modern civilization. Its mental attitudes and moral standards are medieval. Its cynical diplomacy and governing machinery are modern. We must travel back to the fourteenth century to find precedents for the anti-Semite frenzies of Dr. Streicher, and the Jew-baiting excesses of the Nazi crowds. The legislation of Nuremberg would be normal in the age of the Ghetto and the Yellow Spot. Only the dolorous epoch which witnessed Jesuitry at the height of its political influence and Germany wasted by the Thirty Years War can offer parallels to the brutal unreason of Nazi doctrines, racial and religious, and the cynical audacity of the diplomacy which gives them effect. Yet the methods of propaganda adopted by Dr. Goebbels, and the instruments which he employs, are specifically modern; and German militarism makes full use of the subtlest and most destructive weapons which modern science can devise.

The handling of the human material is severely scientific. From childhood to middle age the totalitarian State keeps its hand on the subject population, and shapes it into the regimented docility which its interest requires. The normal allies of individuality—a free Press, public criticism, universities which in their self-dedication to the service of Truth are frankly superior to merely national, racial and governmental points of view, above all, religion—are brought into bondage to the oddest and least rational despotism which ever enchained civilized mankind. In short, with the mentality and morality of the Middle Ages, Germany under the Führer makes full use of the vast powers with which modern science has equipped the State. The result is equally amazing, degrading, and full of menace to the world.

The Nazi experiment is only intelligible as the product of a disordered age. It has given bizarre expression to forces and tendencies which have long been present in civilized society, and, through the fearful dislocation of economic and social conditions occasioned by the Great War, have received disastrous stimulus. At the root of everything lies Religion. Christendom appears to be in process of repudiating Christianity. What the French Revolutionaries began at the end of the eighteenth century has been revived in the twentieth. Methods and measures vary, but the principle and effect are the same. Materialistic atheism has reared itself, as it seems triumphantly, in Russia and in Germany. Lenin and Hitler are really protagonists in the same cause. They have a common enemy in Christianity. The violent denunciations of Bolshevism, which form the staple of the Führer's eloquence, deceive nobody. From the point of view of the Christian Religion the open enmity of Moscow is perhaps less formidable than the partially veiled hostility of Berlin. Hitler has as good a right as Stalin to stand in the succession of the Church's persecutors.

The Dean of Chichester's book is timely. It may serve as a supplement to the semi-

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official apology for Hitlerism which has been published recently under the title of *Germany Speaks;* for it supplies the significant omission from that book of all mention of the religious situation in Germany.

It was the misfortune of Germany that the Reformation, which in Holland, England, Scotland and the Scandinavian kingdoms was the cement of national independence, was in Germany its most formidable hindrance. Lutheranism, which at first carried all before it, was rolled back by the tide of Counter-Reformation with the result that German Christianity was not only damaged irretrievably by the protracted conflict of the Thirty Years War, but remained hopelessly divided. German Protestantism even within its limited territory, did not remain exclusively Lutheran, but was largely replaced by Calvinism. The political subdivisions of the country were reflected in its ecclesiastical systems. Thus German Christianity could never present a united front to the enemy. Not the least impressive result of Hitler's religious policy is the creation of a new consciousness of common interest between the different Churches. Cardinal Faulhauber and Pastor Niemöller are seen to be allies in a single cause; their names are united in the thought and prayer of Protestants and Roman Catholics alike.

An irreconcilable conflict with Christianity is implicit in the notion of a Totalitarian State. When no part of the citizen's life is left outside the State's control it cannot but follow that the Church can only exist as a part of the State system. The distinction between spiritual and secular, God and Caesar, which is inherent in the Christian religion, and was plainly affirmed by Christ Himself, is ignored. The State claims to be supreme in both spheres. Lutheranism, it must be remembered, was not well equipped for the championship of spiritual independence, for Erastianism had been the original weakness of Luther's Reformation. The famous rule—*Cujus regio ejus religio*—which had been accepted as the basis for a religious settlement at Augsburg in 1555, has exercised a subtly demoralizing influence on Lutheran Christianity and created a tradition of self-suppression, even of servility, which is not favorable to resistance to the State by Lutheran ecclesiastics, albeit in circumstances which plainly required nothing less. Resistance was the more difficult since it ran counter to the sensitive, almost morbid, patriotism which carried Hitler to supremacy. It is truly astonishing that in these circumstances resistance was offered and that with such courage and determination that the aggression of the secular Power has been effectively arrested and the credit of Christianity triumphantly vindicated.

The Dean traces the course of a conflict which was ever changing its direction and at every change becoming more violent and more vital. When the attempt to seize the ecclesiastical organization broke down, the attack was directed towards weakening the influence of the Churches by severely restricting the range of their activities, by reducing their financial resources, by lowering the credit of the clergy by organized defamation. A long series of prosecutions for smuggling and then for immorality, designed to bring odium on the Roman clergy, has served rather to make clear to the public the unscrupulous character of the State's policy. Finally, Christianity itself was directly attacked. A grotesque revival of paganism was favored. The bastard Christianity of the 'German Christians' was put forward with every public encouragement, and, worst of all, the fundamental beliefs of Christians were openly derided and attacked, while all efforts to defend them were prohibited.

The whole force of the totalitarian State in Germany is being directed to the complete de-Christianizing of the young. Childhood and youth are being forced to have their characters shaped under conditions which almost compel an attitude of

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scorn and hostility toward the Religion of Christ. This is a matter of vital import to Church and nation alike. In Germany as in England, the Churches have exerted themselves to influence the young. In both countries their greatest service to the nation has been their success in stamping the fundamental principles of Christian morality on the children and youths whom they have attached to the Churches by many links, social, intellectual and athletic, as well as specifically religious. The Nazi State will tolerate no rival to itself in the schools, in the playing-fields, in the large sphere of social intercourse. On every plane the Christian factor must be excluded, and its secularist rival established. Thus the action of the Churches, and therein specially of the clergy, is being effectively excluded from an ever larger area of German society. There are many signs that this anti-Christian treatment of the young is not only offensive to multitudes of their parents, but is arousing anxiety in other large sections of considering German citizens, but in view of the hysterical condition of German public opinion, and the brutal coercion which is freely employed within and without the concentration camps, opposition can with difficulty find public expression.

The Dean has traced the melancholy story of developing oppression in Germany with lucidity, knowledge, ample reference to documents and a praiseworthy moderation of tone. His book deserves the careful study of all who care for Christianity, and realize that the highest franchises of mankind are bound up with its fortunes.

Novel of Wrath

La Conspiration. *By Paul Nizan. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1938.*

(Interim in *Vendredi*, Paris)

THOSE who have read his *Antoine Bloye* or *Le Cheval de Troie* already consider Paul Nizan an excellent novelist and essayist. *La Conspiration* shows—and this discovery is too rare to let pass—that in him we have a great writer. His present volume is probably the first part of an extensive work on the model of Romains's *Men of Good Will*. In it, as a matter of fact, the reader will find characters that have appeared in previous books of M. Nizan. Nor is that pure chance. He who writes a challenge to his age cannot limit himself to a few pages. For that reason, although we may often find the length of certain episodes disproportionate, we must bear in mind that they will be developed in the as yet unpublished sequel.

La Conspiration is a novel of wrath. That, of course, is a cardinal sin. Everyone knows that, and particularly those well-intentioned ladies and gentlemen full of good common sense and moderation, whose conscience requires nothing more than a sigh of pity for Ethiopia, China or Spain. 'Man has done nothing that was to his credit,' says one of Nizan's characters, 'that was not prompted by anger.' Anger is the synonym for an honest man's honor, Nizan's honor and sense of justice. It is directed against society, against those who have eyes and see not; and first among these are the young men of today, as well as the youth of Nizan's generation. Unlike many authors who are inclined to look back at youth through rosy glasses, M. Nizan is little disposed to flattery. The anger that underlies his book is shared by his characters. A spirit of rebellion animates Bernard Rosenthal, who becomes the lover of his sister-in-law and kills himself, less because he loses her than because he cannot bear the thought of his defeat. Nizan has written a masterly description of the Rosenthal family, bourgeois in content, and Jewish in form, without, however, any element of caricature. His Communist, Pluvinage, is the representative type, not only because of his inability, and that of his young bourgeois friends, to triumph over the hierarchy of the classes, but also because he, too, is moved by anger.

It is, then, the book of the author's wrath against youth and the world, and

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the wrath of the young men against the society that produced them and against themselves. The young men in question belong to the year 1928, not 1918 or 1938. This makes Nizan's novel one of the most precious historical testimonies that we possess on what is still called the post-War generation—a community of men educated to live in a world that they will find in ruins when they reach maturity, and raised up by and among men who will be incapacitated by social upheaval.

Thus, this novel is more than just a story. It is also a fable of the bourgeoisie stricken with the plague, an act of indictment and also a novel of thought. But it is not purely a philosophical novel. It is really a beginning of an extraordinarily animated and passionate story, full of sarcastic drollery, in which one finds knowledge and love of Paris, that makes one remember *Men of Good Will*, and a feeling for youth that will remind us of André Gide's *The Counterfeiters*—all the more since Nizan's book of wrath includes the question of sex. But the difference between *The Counterfeiters* and *La Conspiration* belongs to another plane. *La Conspiration* is complete in itself, with its own conclusion and moral; therefore its undertones are clearer: this romantic conspiracy, started by collaborators of a little anarchistic review with Communist sympathies, a conspiracy which is partly a game and partly espionage, comes to nothing because it is not the true way of anger, of rebellion.

Paul Nizan's realism is beyond the mere naturalism of a certain literary school. He deals no longer with the superficial reality, but with the true one, which does not hide behind appearances like a face behind a mask, but which conditions them; in short, the social reality. Can one perhaps call this political realism? Obviously, in the sense that everyone is in politics, the same way as M. Jourdain of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* finds that he talks prose. And here we come up against the usual problem of social realism. Those who refuse to see the world around them are not only content with their own remissness, but also demand that no writer or novelist raise that question, and whoever does so is accused of 'dabbling in politics.'

This attitude is unfortunately true of the average reader, and Nizan rises not only against those who want to play down the social question, but also, and above all, against those who are afraid of the answer. The intellectual's vanity is tickled in knowing himself to be free, as free as that most liberal of intellectuals, Pontius Pilate, and he is proud of his impartiality, his aloofness from all grossness, all simplification, all formulas and prejudices: long live freedom, Sirs, and good night, and try not to have bad dreams!

That is not Nizan's attitude. 'Invincible liberal,' says one of his young men, 'betrayer of humanity! You put everything on the same plane. You are lost in pride. You want to have the right to be free. Every adhesion to a creed seems to you a limitation. You immediately want to recant in order to demonstrate to yourself that you are free to reject that which you have just embraced. When will you cease to live with the idea that there is no greatness except in rejection, that only negation brings us honor? For me, true greatness is in affirmation.'

That is why Nizan's anger is a good, positive quality: it is exactly opposite to this other capital sin, laziness, not to mention the morose delectation that laziness breeds in these wise spirits that are in the world to arbitrate—which is the intellectual's excuse for not fighting.

A Child's Heart

THE DEATH OF THE HEART. *By Elizabeth Bowen. London: Gollancz. 1938.*

(Humbert Wolfe in the *Observer*, London)

MISS Bowen's study of the tragedy of a child of sixteen brought to the mind of one reader the least palatable and yet the most flawless of de Maupassant's tales of horror. It is the story of the odious

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young fortune-hunter who marries an imbecile girl for her money. She has just enough human intelligence to transfer her life to his so that she exists, so far as she does exist, in him only. When he begins increasingly to neglect her, she sits, witless and wondering, night after night dumbly watching the clock.

Miss Bowen's Portia is not subnormal. On the contrary, what shockingly disturbs the emotions is her perfectly-drawn normality. She is indubitably a child of sixteen, and, because she is that; the unbearable agony to which she is exposed has the same frightening effect as that produced by de Maupassant. With the keen apprehensions of a good and innocent child and at the same time with a child's huge ignorance, Portia watches the clock of her misery move on remorselessly. She does not cry aloud; she does not even seriously complain. She suffers without understanding the depth of the harm which has struck her.

Portia, the daughter of a second marriage, comes to live with her half-brother and his wife Anna in their house in Regent's Park, after the death of her mother. She comes into a world of flat and distinctive people, not one of whom, except her father's old housemaid Matchett, but has some dark and fatal flaw. And here again, what is terrifying is that each of these sub-ogres is drawn so firmly and so certainly that it is almost as though the characters in a thriller had suddenly and abominably walked into one's sitting room. The four leading figures in the new group are Thomas, her much older half-brother, his wife Anna, St. Quintin, a writer of distinction, and a certain beautiful and pathetically loathsome young man called Eddie. At the outskirts, and occasionally disinfecting them with a whiff of honorable carbolic, is the dark presence of Matchett, who sternly and violently loves Portia.

It should be understood that the tortures to which the child is increasingly exposed are not the novelist's commonplace. There is no assault upon her body. It is something infinitely more subtle and damaging which she undergoes. It is, in fact, a long drawn-out violation of the secret places of a child's soul.

The plot turns on the fact that Anna has found and read the child's diary. Anna herself is beyond good and evil. This impersonal, though actual, creature has read and communicates to her coolly ghoulish friend, St. Quintin, the child's ultimate secret. We are given a long extract from the diary. When we are forced to remember that it has been read and discussed by these two persons, it is hardly possible to read it without choking.

The child is next attacked by Eddie. This is a young man of a kind unhappily too familiar—a parasite who imposes himself by his rudeness, his moods of brilliant despair and his personal beauty. He sets out, with no particular interest, to possess himself of the child's heart.

This offers no great difficulty. Thomas, the half-brother, watches this drama as he watches all life with moody inefficiency. Matchett cannot avert doom because she is deeply aware that each life, however young, moves of its own volition. Moreover, the child does not know what love means; she is only aware that she has passed out of herself into Eddie.

Of the power of this book, of its intense, and impartial, ability to wring out the last drop of innocent pain, there can be no question. Many, who can address themselves to its perusal without spiritual repugnance, will properly regard it as a work of high literary importance. Others, like the present reviewer, while fully conceding its strength and the unfailing grip in the writing, will think that it contravenes Aristotle's canon, which laid it down that there are certain things too painful to be the subject of fiction.

[*The American edition of this book will be published by Alfred A. Knopf.*]

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

CZECHS AND GERMANS: A STUDY OF THE STRUGGLE IN THE HISTORIC PROVINCES OF BOHEMIA AND MORAVIA. *By Elizabeth Wiskemann. London and New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. 299 pages. $3.00.*

THE cynical betrayal of Czechoslovakia by France and Britain and the partition of this democratic oasis in a desert of violence and oppression afford an unhappy timeliness to this excellent book. Not only have aggression and saber-rattling been handsomely rewarded and encouraged by the Munich settlement, but the public has been confused and misled on the question of minorities.

Czechoslovakia, one of the very few States in Europe which have made the attempt to deal with minorities in a positive and constructive manner, has been pilloried as the arch oppressor, while Germany, Italy, Poland and Hungary, which together with Rumania have been the most brutal offenders against minorities, have come forward as the champions of Wilsonian self-determination. Miss Wiskemann's study portrays the Czech-German conflict in proper perspective and provides the background material necessary for an intelligent appraisal of the 'solution' which has just been achieved.

In a region which has been the battleground between Slav and Teuton for so many centuries, the matter of origins naturally assumes great importance. Yet origins often lead us to that ill-defined area where fact and legend blend to produce 'national' history. Our author goes back to origins; to do otherwise would do less than justice to the one or the other of the contestants. But she does not linger long enough in the past to become involved in the maze of controversy. Briefly the rival claims are outlined, and we are soon confronted with the Hapsburg monarchy of the nineteenth century—a 'Slav house with a German façade.'

The Historic Provinces, notably Bohemia, became the center of the Slav-German conflict. The Germans, possessing economic power, social prestige and political influence, were convinced of their own superiority and clung desperately to their self-appointed task of maintaining and advancing the position of Germanism in the Slav lands. They were a *Herrenvolk* who would be disloyal to their own mission if they yielded to the encroachments of the 'inferior' Slavs. The Czechs, the most advanced Slav element in Central Europe, bitterly resented such pretentions, and the development of the industry afforded them the means of challenging the arrogant exponents of German dominance. The more prolific Slavs were drawn to the towns to satisfy the demand for labor, and the growing Czech *bourgeoisie* provided the leadership for the Slav cause. The Hapsburg Court was dimly aware that its continued existence depended upon a harmonization of Slav and German interests and attempted in its slovenly, paternalistic way to satisfy the more moderate demands of the Czechs. But this only infuriated the unyielding Germans and led to the wild racism and Pan-Germanism of Georg von Schönerer and to the truculence of Karl Hermann Wolf.

The World War and the chaotic aftermath which was neither peace nor war left a train of bitterness which augured ill for the future. The Sudeten Germans, who were so conspicuously identified with the irreconcilable anti-Slav movement in pre-War Austria, came so close to the realization of their Pan-German ideal during the heyday of Teutonic military victories that the sudden collapse of Germany left them aghast. They toyed with rebellion during 1919, and even after Czechoslovakia was firmly established, they stubbornly persisted in the fond hope that their new Fatherland would prove a 'temporary misfortune.'

After 1925, the more moderate Sudeten Germans began to coöperate with the Czechs, but the Great Depression came too soon to render possible permanent reconciliation. The widespread distress strengthened the hand of the extremists, and the Nazi Revolution in Germany sealed the doom of peace and sanity in Central Europe. Konrad Henlein came to the fore and, though he made a pretense of loyalty to his country, only certain well-disposed English elements were deceived. His methods

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and his means were provided by the Third Reich.

Miss Wiskemann is especially to be commended for her delightful and valuable description of the German areas and for her masterful analysis of the economic aspects of the post-War Czech-German problem. She proves conclusively that the widespread distress in the German regions was due not to Czech machinations but to the depression, to the policies of economic nationalism practiced by Czechoslovakia's neighbors and, in some measure, to the Germans themselves. The cultural grievances of the Germans may also be attributed in large measure to the fact that the Germans could not become reconciled to the status of a minority. Psychologically they remained a *Herrenvolk*. To be sure, Czechoslovakia, too, made mistakes, but, says our author, 'often it is difficult to see how they could have been avoided.' And when every grievance of the Germans in Czechoslovakia has been aired, this reviewer, who has traveled widely in East-Central Europe and has studied the condition of the numerous minorities in that region, agrees fully with the author that nowhere in East-Central or Central Europe have minorities enjoyed so liberal a régime as did the Germans of Czechoslovakia. What is more, the Czechoslovak Government made consistent efforts after February 18, 1937, to rectify previous errors. A little more time and Sudeten-German intransigence might have encountered serious opposition from the moderate and conciliatory elements. No wonder that the Nazis were in such haste to put an end to Czech 'oppression.'

The author stops with the annexation of Austria in March, 1938, but she considers three possible developments, namely, the transformation of Czechoslovakia into a federation of nationalities, the annexation to Germany of the Sudeten-German areas and a German *Mittel-Europa*. The Tory Prime Minister of Britain may have thought that he was furthering the principle of self-determination. Our author, however, is too keen a student to nourish such illusions. She foresaw that the annexation of the Sudeten-German areas must lead to German domination of Central and East-Central Europe. Mr. Chamberlain has made it possible for the Germans to win the World War. The *Mittel-Europa* which was denied to pre-War Germany, where legality and a certain amount of tolerance prevailed, has been placed in the lap of Hitler's Germany, and millions of persons have been abandoned to a régime of intolerance and thuggery.

—Oscar I. Janowsky

Unto Caesar. *By F. A. Voigt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. 303 pages. $3.00.*
The War Against the West. *By Aurel Kolnai. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. 711 pages. $4.00.*

These two books, in quite different ways, are significant tracts for the times. The first, by the foreign affairs editor of the Manchester *Guardian*, illustrates the confusion of current British foreign policy. The second, by a liberal Catholic Hungarian scholar, is the most searching and persuasive analysis—and indictment—of Nazi philosophy and ideology which has yet appeared.

Mr. Voigt writes from an unusual background of intimate and first-hand acquaintance with European affairs since the Great War, and a wide reading of many of the important sources. This is not just another 'inside Europe' commentary on Exciting Events participated in or observed, or Important Personalities interviewed. It is, rather, an honest attempt to interpret events of the past two decades from the point of view of British vital interests—in home and Empire defense, in control of communications, in command of the sea. And, further, the author makes an evident effort to appreciate the implications of the new ideologies dominant in Central and Eastern Europe for the future of these interests. As such, it is a refreshing and often an incisive critique of British policy since the Great War and a more than usually frank appraisal of that policy.

But the author suffers from several defects, literary and intellectual. He is dogmatic where exposition would be more persuasive. Frequently he expresses positive conclusions without the supporting premises of fact or logic. A somewhat disjointed style and arrangement of materials often becloud the orderly development of the author's ideas. And one detects several of his 'inarticulate major premises' which, for this reader, at least, detract seriously from the objectivity of his analysis. His nationalism is more typical of conservative than of liberal literature; coupled with an all too frequent dogmatism, it is occasionally of that sort most irritating to

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'the lesser breeds outside the law.' (What, for instance, will many besides Germans think of the assertion that Great Britain is 'A Great Power in *all* continents and on *all* seas?' (italics author's). And he exhibits, too, the widespread British distrust of Communism, and of Russia—shared apparently, by the present Government!

There is, however, one significant point to this book—perhaps prophetic of an awakening awareness in England to the true nature of the crisis confronting her. In his common antipathy to the new Caesar—'Collective man, implacable enemy of the individual soul'—Mr. Voigt does glimpse the underlying differences in its manifestations in Germany and in Russia, in Nazism and in Communism. He does recognize the relative corrosiveness of Nazi ideology of the values inherent in democracy. While equally an enemy of the Communist prototype of this Caesar, he does finally assert the immediate and inescapable challenge of Germany to British interests—and ideals. The arguments are about the former rather than the latter. Their widespread recognition in Britain, which might lead to a reorientation of foreign policy to meet the challenge before it is too late, probably depends on awareness at the deeper levels of emotion as well as on the plane of reason and overt action. It will be important if this book marks a change in British thought about the immediacy and directness of the German menace to ultimate British interests of a material nature.

To an awakening of the democracies to the inner—and utter—antagonism of Nazi ideals to those purposes and aspirations which for a century and a half they have pursued, Dr. Kolnai's book is a contribution of the first importance. He is not concerned with the external acts of policies of Germany, but with the ineradicable disharmony between racialism and statism on the one hand and humane Christianity and individual democracy on the other. Herein lies the real 'war against the West' of Nazi Germany. Nor is this a polemic based on the author's personal animosities. Dr. Kolnai lets the Nazi philosophers and propagandists speak for themselves on such questions as community, the State, faith and thought, society and economics, and race and nation. His own commentary, partly ironic, partly analytical, is throughout informed by a deep-rooted faith in the Christian tenet of the worth of the individual and the democratic tradition of man's ultimate capacity for intelligent self-government. It is just because Dr. Kolnai adheres with a quiet but unshakable conviction to these two aspirations of the human heart that his study is so devastating a portrayal of the unequivocal irreconcilability of Nazi and democratic ideals.

—PHILLIPS BRADLEY

THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. *By George S. Counts. New York: The John Day Company. 1938. 370 pages. $3.00.*

DR. COUNTS first reviews the origins and pattern of democracy in the United States two hundred years ago, and follows this up with an analysis of democracy today, not only here, but in Russia and Spain. After a discussion of political life in Italy and Germany, he offers a program of his own for the preservation and dissemination of the democratic idea.

Since the Great War, he says, 'one country after another has taken the road to revolution and dictatorship; and no country, not even the oldest of the democracies, has wholly escaped the virus.' The disturbing feature of this development has been the mass appeal of the dictatorships: 'At the present juncture in world affairs it seems that a considerable proportion of men and women have neither the desire nor the will to govern themselves.' Even 'American democracy today is unquestionably far more apparent than real.' All these phenomena 'may be traced primarily to two factors: the closing of the geographical frontiers of the earth and the rise of industrial civilization.'

As for Russia, the prospects of democracy there are almost as gloomy as in the Fascist countries. Freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly and of thought are little more welcome in Moscow than in Rome or Berlin. The dictatorship of the proletariat 'in actual practice becomes a dictatorship first of a party that claims to represent the proletariat and then of a handful of men who claim to represent the party.' It would be as unwise for America to follow this type of government as it would be to follow the politics of Hitler and Mussolini. No nation, least of all, the United States, can afford to entrust 'too much power,' political or economic, in the hands of the State. 'A free government can remain free

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only as long as it rests on free men. And men cannot be made free by government.'

Economic democracy is essential to a truly free government. It must be achieved only through peaceful means. 'Although the sword has been employed with success by vast popular majorities in overthrowing dictatorship, it has not yet proved itself to possess the slightest merit as a substitute for the operation of free institutions.' Americans have special reason to remember this, for their political liberties 'are precious beyond price. . . . And the fate of world democracy may well be decided in the United States.'

Dr. Counts offers a nine-point program for the maintenance of democracy. At bottom it is the same as the traditional Socialist-liberal creed: public ownership of basic industries, strict control over the army and the police, the widest civil liberties, more vital public school education, etc. In short, a return to the principles of Jefferson and Jackson, revised in the economic field to fit a changed world.

Of original ideas there are none in Dr. Counts's book. Nevertheless, it is so well-informed and on the whole so well-written that it deserves a wide reading if only for its clear-headed dissection of the Soviet system. That system, as enunciated by Russian revolutionists in 1917–1918, seemed so alluring that most liberals watched its every step with the friendliest hopes. They continued watching and hoping for years and years, attempting, by historical analogies, to explain away the continued absence of genuine democracy. But the purges which began three years ago and the bogus democratic constitution stunned them, so that today a large proportion of the former friends of the Soviet Union have deserted it as pretty much a dictatorship and have gone back to the principles of communal living as stated in the Bill of Rights. Needless to say, they are as critical of economic exploitation and political restrictions as before, but now more than ever they see that civil liberties are infinitely more precious than continued employment under totalitarianism whether of the Fascist or Communist variety, and that no amount of alleged efficiency in government can counterbalance the loss of the right to petition the government for a redress of grievances. Progressives have come to feel that so long as it is impossible for a man or woman to get up in Red Square and call Stalin the very same things the New York *Herald Tribune* calls President Roosevelt every day, so long will they hug to their breasts the liberties we have, however often these are stepped upon. Dr. Counts belongs to this group of intellectuals, and his book in effect presents the history of its sympathies during the past twenty years.

—Charles Angoff

Mussolini's Roman Empire. *By Geoffrey T. Garratt. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1938. 306 pages. $2.50.*

People who are puzzled by the apparently suicidal policy adopted by the British Government during the Italo-Ethiopian War, the Spanish Civil War and lately in the Czechoslovakian question will find an explanation of the puzzle in this calm and courageous book written by an Englishman who, in his activities as former member of the British Civil Service, correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in Ethiopia and as honorary administrator of the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief in Eastern Spain, has had the opportunity of obtaining first-hand knowledge and experience of what happens on the stage and behind the stage of the Foreign Office.

Contrary to the general belief held by the public, the author claims and proves that the British Government has a real and definite policy in dealing with Mussolini—a policy which they cannot openly justify before the country and the world and which therefore forces them into a long series of subterfuges and deceptions necessitating distortion of facts and farcical protestations of neutrality, non-intervention and friendship. Over and over again they have fobbed off on the public garbled versions of events, so colored as to suit their general policy of disarming the weak and sparing the strong as much trouble as possible.

The author corroborates his statements with a lengthy discussion of the Ethiopian and Spanish events based on official documents and on facts which have been kept away from the public. Most important is the document relating to the meeting held in Rome on March 31st, 1934, between Mussolini, Balbo and a delegation of Spanish Rightists where the Spanish revolt was decided upon and armed Italian intervention promised.

How was it possible for Mussolini to rape

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Ethiopia, destroy the League of Nations and invade Spain without being interfered with by the British lion? The author first points out the fallacy of the theory that democratic and totalitarian States can live easily and amicably together: nationals of democratic countries living abroad, for instance, in Italy or Germany, cannot express political views, whereas in democratic countries not only are drawing-room Fascists active and influential, but both Mussolini and Hitler have so organized their own nationals that they can be useful in any game that may be afoot. The second factor is that many Foreign Office officials are drawn from a very small class having strong initial sympathies with Catholicism and, through Catholicism, with Italy. This sympathy is determined by a common mistrust of Socialist experiments and by a desire for an 'ordered society' which to their minds means a State where lower classes are well-disciplined and kept in their proper place.

Behind these two currents stands a strong array of business and press magnates, wealthy landowners and peers, jackals and second-rate publicists, all with unlimited financial resources and channels of publicity. Their common bond is a hatred of the League of Nations, international law, organized labor and general freedom of thought and action.

These are the forces which in England have helped Mussolini to build up his new Roman Empire and have also, since the writing of this book, acceded to the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. These are the forces which will succeed in destroying our civilization unless 'those people in western Europe and America who still have the free use of their intelligence will insist on being told the truth by their rulers, will throw those rulers out of power when their government wilfully and systematically deceives them and will keep vividly in mind their responsibilities abroad.'

—Michele Cantarella

Imperial Japan, 1926–1938. *By A. Morgan Young. New York: William Morrow and Company. 1938. 328 pages. $3.00.*

OF THE many portraits that have been painted of Japan in the last few years, some have had the suavity of the drawing room likeness, some have been caricatures and some have shown the hard and unimaginative 'realism' of documentary illustration. Mr. Young knows Japan too well, after ten years of editorship in Kobe, to be satisfied with a genial and decorative surface treatment; he is too much of a historian to find pleasure in depicting a whole people or its actions as ridiculous; and he is a realist who—in his weekly editorials—has shown a special gift for penetrating to essentials.

The present work is not a rehash of earlier writings but a summary of events during the present reign, following the author's earlier book which covered the main events of the previous reign. It is distinguished by lucidity and, above all, by a completeness of information on matters which, though important, often were not even reported in the Japanese press. It is not so much another interpretation of Japan's recent political behavior as it is an entirely independent statement of the facts. Because many relatively small but significant events are described and many names are mentioned, this book is necessarily too crowded with detail to be a good introduction to its subject for a beginner who has not paid much attention to Japanese affairs thus far; it is invaluable for the reader who has a fairly good general sense of what has happened in Japan these last few years but feels that his knowledge is lacking in precision and cohesion.

In spite of its undoubted merits, this book nevertheless falls a little short of what one might have hoped for. To say that it is without sympathy for the Japanese people would not be true; for the author makes a clear distinction between the doings of different groups and leaders, even gives high praise to the sagacity, courage and moral vigor exhibited by some of them. But the cynicism with which again and again he notes the insincerity, the smallness and the cruelty of the measures by which, in the name of patriotism, parasitic military and financial groups have fastened themselves upon Japan is in sharp contrast with an apparently untroubled admiration for the political life of Western democracies.

Mr. Young's portrait of Japan is sinister because it is without background in either space or time. The reader is not warned that it is the picture of an ugly phase; that in the same phase of their internal political development other nations have not looked any better; that the traits of fear, greed and stupid jealousy which he notes are the symptoms of a sickness which—and this is the point—others can help his subject to overcome.

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As a newspaper man, Mr. Young was not interested, or perhaps not qualified, to paint the larger perspective or to let there appear in the features of his sitter more of his permanent character. In fact, no recent writer on Japan has succeeded in bringing out the more genial qualities that have not altogether disappeared from the life of that country, without at the same time condoning the brutalities that make up its present political conduct.

—Bruno Lasker

Science for the Citizen: A Self-Educator Based on the Social Background of Scientific Discovery. *By Lancelot Hogben. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. 1082 pages. $5.00.*

IN THIS, his second 'Primer for the Age of Plenty,' the brilliant author of *Mathematics for the Millions* has written what is, in effect, a truly colossal Manifesto of Scientific Humanism. Lancelot Hogben believes, with a passionate conviction, that Knowledge is Power—but only if that knowledge is harnessed to a genuine mass understanding of historic processes and social needs, and directed toward an equally genuine mass application of science and technology to human progress.

Science for the Citizen is Professor Hogben's contribution to this ideal. In the massive, richly illustrated volume we have, first, an extraordinarily comprehensive presentation of scientific knowledge arranged in the form of five great 'conquests' of man's material environment: the conquest of time reckoning and space measurement; the conquest of substitutes (physics and chemistry); the conquest of power (inventions, electricity); the conquest of hunger and disease (biological and medical sciences); and the conquest of behavior (evolution and genetics). This is the 'self-educator' aspect of the book, the groundwork of scientific theory and ascertained fact which we must know before our attitude toward science can have any real value or significance. Errors of omission and commission—inevitable in a work of such magnitude—will knit the brows of specialists, but neither specialist nor layman can ignore its real message: that 'the power to shape the future course of events so as to extend the benefits of advancing scientific knowledge for the satisfaction of common human needs may now be ours in so far, and only in so far, as our conduct is guided by an understanding of the impact of science on human society.'

Which brings us to the second, and fundamental, purpose of the book: to show the intimate relationship between social, political and economic forces on the one hand and the trend of scientific research and discovery on the other. For Professor Hogben the classic distinction between 'pure' and 'applied' science is a confusion based upon the mistaken assumption that scientific work, of even the most seemingly 'abstract' kind, can be done in a social vacuum. In a vivid passage—one of many that illustrates the subtle reciprocal action of science, technology and broad social trends he tells us that 'without printing there would have been little demand for spectacles; without spectacles neither telescope nor microscope; without these the finite velocity of light, the annual parallax of the stars and the micro-organisms of fermentation processes would never have been known to science.'

This conception of the interdependence of theory and practice against a background of social development gives to Professor Hogben's book a vitality and richness unequaled in contemporary scientific writing. Despite its weaknesses in many sectors of knowledge—which may easily be corrected in subsequent editions—and despite what seems to this reviewer the author's inadequate recognition of the class character of the struggle between democratic and reactionary or Fascist forces, *Science for the Citizen* is a magnificent achievement in the line of progress and of courageous social thinking.

—Harold Ward

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THE GUIDE POST

(*Continued*)

prophecy that unless the world reaches such a state of barbarism that the Jews are virtually exterminated, they must be progressively assimilated by other nations. [p. 248]

E. J. GUMBEL, professor of mathematical statistics and economics at the University of Heidelberg, was one of the first German professors to be ousted by Nazi pressure even before the Nazis seized power. He has fallen into disfavor especially because of his exposures of the Feme murders committed by the illegal Black Reichswehr and his determined stand for the Republic. Professor Gumbel's article on 'Aryan Science' is taken from *Freie Wissenschaft*, a publication by the Sebastian Brant Verlag in Strassburg. This book, a collection of essays by German émigré scientists, shows that there still exists an unshackled German science on the other side of the German frontier. [p. 252]

THE article 'Japan's Double Policy' seems to us significant because it gives the background of the ascendancy of Japan's new Extremist policy in China. Mr. Hsu, who has spent many years in Japan, is one of the outstanding Chinese experts on Japanese affairs. This article is taken from the Chinese weekly *Giu Guo Shbao*, the foremost Chinese publication appearing abroad, and the main organ for the approximately seven million Chinese who live outside the Chinese borders. Until August of this year, the magazine was published in Paris, when it moved to New York, anticipating a European war. [p. 258]

IN OUR 'Miscellany' of this month a well known British essayist talks about the danger of misusing the word 'reactionary' [p. 262]; we hear some surprising news about the 'Good Little People' that still, it seems, inhabit the island of Eire [p. 265]; and we learn about the amazing bandits of Corsica who take their profession so seriously that they keep closed shop. [p. 266]

OUR 'Persons' department this month describes the young British Colonial Secretary who is faced with the grave task of averting war in Palestine [p. 235]; General Eleazar López Contreras, Venezuela's popular President [p. 239]; and Oswald Pirow, the South African Minister of Defense, who has been widely agitating for the return of Southwest Africa to Germany. [p. 241]

IN 'Books Abroad' Professor Haldane's book on Air Raid Precaution is discussed by Kingsley Martin, the editor of the *New Statesman and Nation*. When the book was recently published in England, a stormy controversy ensued because the author was very critical of A.R.P. However, during the crisis, he advised people to enroll under the Government scheme. The Bishop of Durham, author of many books, who reviews *The Struggle for Religious Freedom in Germany*, is known for his courageous stand against Nazi Germany; Humbert Wolfe, who reviews Elizabeth Bowen's *The Death of the Heart*, is in the British Civil Service and a poet in his own right as well.

THE reviewers in 'Our Own Bookshelf' include Professor Oscar Janowsky, a specialist on the question of minorities, who has visited every minority State of Central and Eastern Europe; Philipps Bradley, who is on the faculty of Queens College; Michele Cantarella, who teaches at Smith College; Bruno Lasker, the educational director of the American Council Institute of Pacific Relations; Charles Angoff and Harold Ward, authors and free-lance writers.

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